

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 966.—6 December, 1862.

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ALBERT PIKE DESCRIBED BY HIMSELF.

General Albert Pike of Arkansas was once a loyal man. What he is now is forcibly told in the following verses written by loyal Albert Pike, and printed in a volume gathered some years ago for private distribution among his friends. One of those friends, a loyal man, sends it to be printed in the *Evening Post*.

DISUNION.

Ar, shout! 'Tis the day of your pride,
Ye despots and tyrants of earth!
Tell your serfs the American name to deride,
And to rattle their fetters in mirth.
Ay, shout! for the league of the free
Is about to be shivered to dust,
And the rent limbs to fall from the vigorous tree,
Wherever Liberty put her firm trust.
Shout! shout! for more firmly established will be
Your thrones and dominions beyond the blue sea.

Laugh on! for such folly supreme
The world had yet never beheld;
And ages to come will the history deem
A tale by antiquity swelled:
For nothing that Time has upbuilt
And set in the annals of crime,
So stupid and senseless, so wretched in guilt,
Darkens sober tradition or rhyme.
It will be, like the fable of Eblis's fall,
A byword of mocking and horror to all.

Ye mad, who would raze out your name
From the league of the proud and the free,
And a pitiful separate sovereignty claim,
Like a lone wave flung off from the sea;
Oh, pause ere you plunge in the chasm
That yawns in your traitorous way!
Ere Freedom, convulsed with one terrible spasm,
Desert you forever and aye!
Pause! think! ere the earthquake astonish your
soul,
And the thunders of war through your green
valleys roll!

Good God! what a title, what name
Will history give to your crime!
In the deepest abyss of dishonor and shame,
Ye will writhe till the last hour of time,
As braggarts who forged their own chains,
Pulled down what their brave fathers built,
And tainted the blood in their children's young
veins

With the poison of slavery and guilt;
And Freedom's bright heart be hereafter tenfold,
For your folly and fall, more discouraged and
cold.

What flag shall float over the fires
And the smoke of your patricide war,
Instead of the stars and broad stripes of your
sires?

A lone, pale, dim, flickering star,
With a thunder-cloud veiling its glow
As it faints away into the sea;—
Will the Eagle's wing shelter and shield you?
Ah, no!

His wing shelters only the free.
Miscall it, disguise it, boast, rant as you will,
You are traitors, misled by your mad leaders still.

Turn, turn then! Cast down in your might
The pilots that sit at the helm;
Steer, steer your proud ship from the gulf which
dark night
And treason and fear overwhelm!
Turn back! From your mountains and glens,
From your swamps, from the rivers and sea,
From forest and precipice, cavern and den,
Where your brave fathers bled to be free,
From the graves where those glorious patriots lie
Re-echoes the warning, "Turn back, or ye die!"
1834.

"OLD STARS."*

"Hung be the Heavens with black."

I.

His mighty life was burned away
By Carolina's fiery sun;
The pestilence that walks by day
Smote him before his course seemed run.

II.

The Constellations of the sky,
The Pleiades, the Southern Cross,
Looked sadly down to see him die,
To see a nation weep his loss.

III.

"Send him to us," the stars might cry—
"You do not feel his worth below;
Your petty great men do not try
The measure of his mind to know.

IV.

"Send him to us. This is his place,
Not 'mid your puny jealousies;
You sacrificed him in your race
Of envies, strifes, and policies.

V.

"His eye could pierce our vast expanse,
His ear could hear our morning songs,
His mind, amid our mystic dance,
Could follow all our myriad throngs.

VI.

"Send him to us! no martyr's soul,
No hero slain in righteous wars,
No raptured saint could e'er control
A holier welcome from the stars."

VII.

Take him, ye stars! take him on high,
To your vast realms of boundless space,
But once he turned from you to try
His name on martial scrolls to trace.

VIII.

That once was when his country's call
Said danger to her flag was nigh,
And then her banner's stars dimmed all
The radiant lights which gemmed the sky.

IX.

Take him, loved orbs! His country's life,
Freedom for all—for these he wars;
For these he welcomed bloody strife,
And followed in the wake of Mars!

* General Mitchell was familiarly known by the soldiers of his command under the sobriquet of "Old Stars."

—N. Y. Evening Post.

From The Quarterly Review.
AIDS TO FAITH.

[CONTINUED FROM NO. 965.]

WE enter now upon a different branch of our subject. When we first drew attention to this subject we expressed an opinion accordant with that which the Bishop of Oxford has stated in his preface to the "Replies to the Essayists." "Two distinct courses," he says, "seem to be required . . . the distinct, solemn, and, if need be, severe decision of authority, that assertions such as these cannot be put forward as possibly true . . . by honest men who are bound by voluntary obligations to teach the Christian revelation as the truth of God. . . . Secondly, we need the calm, comprehensive, and scholar-like declaration of positive truth upon all the matters in dispute, by which the shallowness and the passion and the ignorance of the new system of unbelief may be thoroughly displayed."*

We have traced the discharge by several writers of the second of these duties. We now pass on to examine what has been done by authority to free the Church of England from any complicity in the strange and erroneous doctrines of the essayists. Constituted as that body is, it is impossible that there should, under any circumstances, be within its pale the sharp, sudden acting of authority which may be found in other communions or in other lands. All our traditions are in favor of liberty; all are hostile to the authoritative repression of independent action, and still more, we thank God, of independent thought. Even when we were a part of that vast organic body, half spiritual, half civil, of which the Papacy was the head, the action of authority in all matters spiritual was feebler and more tardy in this land than in any other. Many were the concessions wrung by our spirit of national independence from the distant Popedom; many the acts of rebellious freedom at which that crafty power was compelled to wink, in order to preserve any dominion over the self-willed islanders. Our separation from Rome, and the full establishment of the apostolic freedom of our own Church from the usurpations of the see which had transformed a lawful primacy into a lawless tyranny, were accompanied — an evil waiting as the inseparable shadow upon our many blessings — with a

* Preface to "Replies," etc., pp. 9, 10.

diminution of lawful authority in matters spiritual. This was probably inevitable. The isolated spirituality could not balance properly the great and neighboring weight of the temporal power. The evil was increased by the unavoidable mixture of questions of property with questions directly spiritual through our system of endowments; and the ever-growing jealousy of the law of England as to freehold rights raised the danger to its highest point. Soon after the Reformation attempts were made to remedy the evil. The abortive "Reformatio Legum" stands as an abiding record of such an effort. All such endeavors as these were utterly swept away by the great flood of Puritan violence which soon afterwards broke forth upon the land. Nor was the period of the Restoration in any way favorable for the development of a well-considered and impartial strengthening of the spiritual authority of the Church. It was pre-eminently a time of reaction; and a reactionary time, full as it necessarily is of spasms and violence, is most unfavorable for the formation of those joints and bands of reasonable restraint which form the truest protection of liberty itself. There was the irritation bred by the action of that spiritual revolution on the possession of endowments. There was first the remembrance of the many grievous wrongs which had been wrought in the ejection from their benefices of the best of the clergy, under the falsest professions, in order to install into them the ignorant and fanatical self-seekers of the Puritan predominance; and then there was next the natural but unhappy action of the spirit of retribution running into revenge, righting freely these past wrongs by new ejections. All this acted mischievously upon the mind of the Church, and made the question of the restoration of her civil rights, for which she had mainly to lean on the civil arm, rather than the maintenance of her doctrinal purity, the great object upon which her eye was fixed.

This was not all. The temper of the whole nation was one of reaction in favor of authority. Churchmen who had been faithful to the crown when it was trampled in the dirt under the feet of the Independents, would naturally suffer in the highest degree from the general epidemic; and the very loyalty of the Church led to its unduly exalting the throne, for which it had so severely suffered.

The Revolution of 1688, which in so many directions strengthened and enlarged our liberties, tended only, from all its complicated operations, to weaken the free action of the Church as the spirituality of the realm. Nor, as we may find occasion to show hereafter, has recent legislation had any other tendency.

No reasonable man can shut his eyes to the benefits which have resulted from the struggles which make up this long history. The character of the Church of England resembles greatly that of men who, with wills and understandings naturally strong, have been brought up under no very fixed or definite rules of education, and have developed in that comparative freedom of firmness, an independence, and an individuality, with which more correct rules of early training must have interfered. For there is in her a marvellously tenacious grasp of fundamental truth; an intelligent consent, amidst difference on details of a multitude of minds, as to the leading articles of the faith; and earnest, common-sense religiousness, which could probably have been bred no otherwise than under the full and free action of her existing constitution. But it is an inevitable correlative of these advantages that the action of authority within her body, when at last it is called for, should be slow, sporadic, and somewhat feeble. We must not, therefore, expect, perhaps we need not very passionately desire, that the rise of any error within her communion should be followed at once by the meeting of the authoritative synod, the thunder of an anathema, and the lightning shaft of summary excommunication. All this is illustrated in the history of the "Essays and Reviews" controversy.

When, shortly after the publication of our former article, public attention had been called to the subject, and the minds of thinking men thoroughly roused to its importance, the first action of authority was the appearance of a document, bearing first or last, we believe, the signature of every bishop of the United Church, and condemning many of the propositions of the book as inconsistent with an honest subscription to her formularies. This was, in our judgment, a mode of action highly characteristic of the temper and spirit which we have attributed to the Established Church. Somewhat informal in its conception and in its putting

forth—struggling, we might almost say, into being, against the ordinary laws of ecclesiastical parturition, it yet manifested at once the formal slavery and the real freedom of the ecclesiastical element in our mingled constitution; our essential agreement, in spite of minor differences, on all matters concerning the fundamentals of the faith; and our common-sense view of the foolish attempt to substitute the dreamy nebulosities of used-up German speculation for a simple adherence to the language of the formularies, the letter of the creeds, and the plain teaching of the Bible.

The effect of the publication of this document was great and timely. The mind of the Church was only, perhaps, too much quieted by it, and disposed to be prematurely contented with what had been done as sufficient for the occasion. Amongst the partisans of the essayists it produced a vast amount of indignation. By one of the warmest and most eloquent amongst them it was described as "a document which, whilst Cambridge lay in her usual attitude of magnificent repose, about a month after the appearance of the *Quarterly*, startled the world; one without precedent, as we trust it may be without imitation, in the English Church." * It was "the counterpart of the Papal excommunication levelled against Italian freedom, filled with menaces borrowed from the ancient days of persecution," etc. All this irritation was but a testimony to the real weight of the condemnation, and not less so was the curious attempt of the same writer to lessen its authority by representing the venerable Bishop of Exeter as not having joined with his brethren in their censure. There is an audacity which reaches almost to pleasantry in the attempt of the reviewer to claim the present Bishop of Exeter as one who, when the defence of the foundations of our belief was the question at issue, could conceive it to be the course of faithfulness to the duty of his great station to "protect," in the reviewer's sense of the words, "the cause of free and fair discussion from the indiscriminate violence of popular agitators." † This is really very much like expecting the great Athanasius to have deemed it his special vocation to protect the heretic Arius from the agitation and violence of the Catholic Church. But bold as this attempt would

* *Edinburgh Review*, No. 230, p. 469. † *Ibid.*

have been in any one who knew only the principles and character of the Right Rev. Prelate, whose name he wished thus to coax off the bond, perhaps it might warrant even some stronger epithet when it is seen upon what the suggestion was really founded. On the 21st of February, 1861, Dr. Temple wrote, under a misconception, a letter, which he recalled the day following, to the Bishop of Exeter, inquiring with what fundamental doctrines of our Church the bishop had declared his essay to be at variance. The hasty recall of the inquiry did not save the inquirer from an answer, from which we must make one or two highly characteristic extracts:—

"The book," continues the bishop, "professes to be a joint contribution for effecting a common object, viz., 'to illustrate the advantage derivable to the cause of religious and moral truth from a free handling in a becoming spirit of subjects peculiarly liable to suffer by the repetition of conventional language, and from traditional methods of treatment.'"

"I avow my full conviction that this has a manifest and direct reference to our Creeds, our Articles, our Book of Common Prayer, and administration of the Sacraments."

"I also avow that I hold every one of the seven persons acting together for such an object to be alike responsible for the several acts of every individual among them in executing their avowed common purpose. This judgment might, indeed, have been qualified in favor of any one of the seven who, on seeing the extravagantly vicious manner in which some of his associates had performed their part, had openly declared his disgust and abhorrence of such unfaithfulness, and had withdrawn his name from the number."

"You have not done this, although many months have elapsed since this moral poison has been publicly vended under your authority, and since the indignation of faithful Christians has openly stigmatized the work as of the most manifestly pernicious tendency; above all, as a work which all who are entrusted, as you are, with the momentous responsibility of educating the youth of a Christian nation in the knowledge and obedience of Christian faith, ought in common faithfulness and common honesty to reprobate and denounce."

"You, I repeat, have, so far as I am informed, refrained from taking any public step to vindicate your own character, and must therefore be content to bear the stigma

of public, notorious, proclaimed complicity in an act which I am unwilling again to characterize as it deserves."

"I am, Reverend Sir,

"Your obedient servant,
Rev. F. Temple. H. EXETER."

"P.S.—In order to prevent misapprehension, I think it right to add that, while I do not regard your essay with the same feeling of aversion as I cannot but feel for other portions of the book, I yet deem it open to very grave remark."

After reading these sentences, published at the close of February, it is somewhat startling to find a writer two months later endeavoring to detract from the authority of the common condemnation by the bishops through the statement that "the name of H. Exeter is now known to have been added without his knowledge and against his wish."* But what will our readers say when they find, further, that the bishop had distinctly stated, in his published answer to Dr. Temple some six weeks before this was written, the following avowal?—

"I felt constrained to accompany my concurrence in the procedure with the expression of my judgment that the paper to which I gave my assent was conceived in terms more feeble than the occasion required. I ventured to sketch a formula which I should have wished to subscribe rather than that which had been adopted, expressing the pain which we (the bishops) have felt in seeing such a book, bearing the authority of seven members of our Church; still more, of ministers of God's Word and Sacraments among us—of men specially bound, under the most solemn engagements, to faithful maintenance of the truths set forth in our Articles of Religion, in our Book of Common Prayer, and even in the Creeds of the Church Catholic. That the general tenor of this unhappy work is plainly inconsistent with fidelity to those engagements we cannot hesitate to declare. Whether the particular statements are expressed in language so cloudy or so guarded as to render inexpedient a more formal dealing with them either in the courts of the Church or by synodical censure, is a question which demands and is receiving our anxious consideration."

So that what the reviewer transforms into a mitigation of the sentence on his clients, viz., that "the signature H. Exeter was added without his knowledge and against his

* *Edinburgh Review*, No. 230 (April, 1861), p. 464.

wish," as it stands in its naked simplicity of fact, is this,—that the bishop did concur in the common sentence, but conceived that it was "conceived in terms more feeble than the occasion required." Surely, this is very much as if the prisoner's counsel should calmly assume his proved innocence, because, whilst the majority of his judges were content with inflicting on him penal servitude for life, one would have deemed it far meet punishment for his crime that he should be hanged, drawn, and quartered.

One other attempt of the reviewer to detract from the weight of this document must not be passed over wholly unnoticed. It is a more cautious endeavor to represent the Bishop of London as having in fact withdrawn from his share in the common Episcopal censure of the essays. The whole treatment of the bishop is curiously suggestive. For he is both threatened and cajoled into a silent adoption of the new position suggested for him by the reviewer. He is at once threatened with a charge of complicity in describing the early chapters of the Book of Genesis as parabolical, and flattered by being reminded of the liberality of his opinions in "sermons preached in the generous ardor" of his "youth," before the University at Oxford; and this though, if we remember right, his name was one of those appended to what the reviewer calls "Mr. Wilson's doubtless long-repented, ungenerous act and unfortunate onslaught on the 'Ninetieth Tract for the Times.'"^{*} The sole ground for this attempt was a speech (a very unfortunate one, we admit) of the bishop in the Upper House of Convocation, in which he was well described at the time as "evidently straitened between his personal regard for two of the essayists, whom he had known for some twenty years, and his own sense of duty to the Church and to the revealed truth in which he believes."[†] We must allow to the reviewer that there was something of an undecided character about this speech; but we think that his exultation over it as a penitential severance of himself by the speaker from his persecuting brethren, might have been a little qualified by the recollection that the practical measure, which the bishop proposed, as that which would best meet the exigencies

of the case, was that these writers should be called upon to declare publicly their "belief in the great truths of Christianity."

The declaration of the bishops was succeeded by an address to the Archbishop of Canterbury, signed by more than ten thousand clergymen, condemning in the strongest terms the teaching of the essayists. The Convocation of the Province of Canterbury, too, took up the subject; and there was scarcely heard in either House the faintest whisper of agreement with the new unbelief. So far, indeed, from it, that those who for various reasons deprecated a synodical condemnation of the book, were as eager as any to disavow all agreement with the opinions of its authors; whilst an address of thanks to the members of the Upper House for their censure of it was adopted by the Lower House.

So far the voice of the Church through its several organs uttered no wavering or uncertain sound. But all this, in the opinion of many whose judgment was the most worthy of consideration, could not exempt the special guardians of the Faith from the duty of taking the steps belonging to their office, to obtain a yet more formal and authoritative censure of the new opinions. Their advocate, in the article to which we have referred already, expresses—in a passage of singular flippancy—his "concurrence with the Episcopal censors" in the "charges" of "flippancy of style and rash partnership," adding "but there is no liturgical condemnation of bad taste except by the example of contrast: there is no *article against joint liability unless it be the Thirty-eighth* ('of Christian men's goods not common')." After this poor witticism, he continues in a tone of arrogance and taunt which pervades the article, "a dim sense . . . of the true state of the case has made itself felt at times during the controversy, chiefly in the Episcopal utterances . . . an imperfectly realized conviction that there is, after all, no opposition between the Articles and the doctrines of the book, which only has remained unassailed by legal weapons because its adversaries well know that by such weapons it is in fact unassailable."^{*}

We can full well understand one in the position of the Bishop of Salisbury—trusted, under the most awful responsibility

^{*} *Edinburgh Review*, No. 230, p. 495.

[†] *Guardian*, March 6, 1861.

^{*} *Edinburgh Review*, No. 230, p. 494.

ties, with the guardianship of the true deposit, in his own diocese—feeling that it was impossible for him to allow such challenges as these to pass unnoticed; and believing that a necessity was laid upon him of persevering by action, even under our present most unsatisfactory system of ecclesiastical law, the people committed to his oversight from the authoritative teaching of errors, which he had deliberately combined with his brethren solemnly to censure.

In his diocese, and invested with the cure of souls, was one of the two essayists whom even the liberality of the "Edinburgh" reviewer cannot wholly exculpate. "We cannot," he says, "avoid observing that the flippant and contemptuous tone of the reviewer (Dr. Rowland Williams) often amounts to a direct breach of the compact with which the volume opens, that the subjects therein touched should be handled "in a becoming spirit." Anything more unbecoming than some of Dr. Williams's remarks we never have read in writings professing to be written seriously."* Against him, under that form of the ecclesiastical law which is called "letters of request," and which brings the matter in question immediately before the Court of the Archbishop of the province, the Bishop of Salisbury proceeded. It was matter of public notoriety that he took this step with the deepest reluctance. That he did at last take it, no one can wonder who remembers those solemn words in the Consecration Service in which he who undertakes the office then conferred pledges himself, "to be ready with all faithful diligence to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines contrary to God's word; and both privately and openly to call upon and encourage others to the same."—*Consecration Office*.

Dr. R. Williams shares with Mr. Wilson the special censures of the "Edinburgh" reviewer; not so much, it is true, for what he puts forth, as for his mode of doing it. "If he was minded to be a little sceptical, he should not at the same time have been scandalous;—he had no business to "shake the red flag" of his unbelief in the "face of the mad bull" of Orthodoxy;—he had dealt in "assertions which even the *learned and sceptical*" (let our readers mark the ominous conjunction) "would hesitate to receive."

* *Edinburgh Review*, p. 479.

Such is Mr. Wilson's statement respecting the fourth Gospel (p. 116); and that the taking of Jerusalem by Shishak is for the Hebrew history, that which the sacking of Rome by the Gauls is for the Roman (p. 170). This last assertion, wholly unsupported by argument, is, not only according to our humble belief but according to the whole tenor of the great work of Ewald, equally untenable in its negative and its positive aspect."*

Certainly these "assertions," wholly at variance with any reverence whatever for the Scriptures as the word of God, are a little difficult of acceptance to any one who is not very distinctly in the reviewer's language "learned and sceptical;" and we cannot wonder that the writer who has hazarded them was also brought before the Ecclesiastical Courts, especially as he goes on with a sort of "reading made easy" advertisement to show how men called upon to give, by subscription to certain articles and formularies, a pledge of how and what they will teach, as the condition of their receiving the authority and endowments of the preacher's office, may subscribe these documents without believing them; and, in professing their allowance of them, mean only that they endure their existence as necessary evils.

Accordingly he, too (the age probably of venerable Bishop of Ely having prevented the suit proceeding in the name of the Diocesan), was brought before the court most appropriately by the Proctor in Convocation for the clergy of the diocese, who must needs have a keen interest in wiping from their body the deep and eating stain of allowed heresy amongst themselves. Through the somewhat tedious stages of the Ecclesiastical Courts, relieved by speeches of no ordinary interest, especially by that of Mr. Fitz-james Stephen for the defence, and the admirable arguments of the new Queen's Advocate, Dr. (now Sir Robert) Phillimore, these two causes have now travelled to a solemn judgment delivered in the Court of Arches by Dr. Lushington; a judgment which, though in form delivered only on an interlocutory appeal, was "in fact," as the judge himself informs us, "a decision upon the merits."

The highest directly Ecclesiastical Court, then, of the Church has now pronounced its

* *Edinburgh Review*, No. 230, p. 474.

sentence upon two of these notorious essays, upon two which are amongst the worst of them; for the writer of that, which travelled the farthest in error, which we forbear to characterize a second time by its true name, had been removed from the jurisdiction of all earthly courts—and for very many reasons we think it well worth while to examine closely into the judgment so delivered. Such an examination the learned and distinguished judge in his concluding sentences seems to rather to invite than deprecate. All through, indeed, it is manifest that he is possessed with an almost overwhelming sense of the extreme gravity of the occasion and the greatness of the interests which are at stake; and these emotions gather themselves up into the closing utterance: "I have discharged my duty to the best of my ability. I am aware that these judgments will be severely canvassed by the clergy and by others. Be it so: thereby it may be ascertained whether they are in accordance with law; and accordance with law ought to be the sole object of a Court of Justice."*

The ruling principle of the whole judgment is expressed in these few words. In pronouncing the penalties of the law, the learned judge repeatedly reminds us that he is condemning not the errors or the evils of the document which has been brought before him, but simply its transgression of the law; that he is maintaining not truth, but the declaration of truth contained in the Articles and Formularies of the Established Church. This must be borne constantly in mind in considering this momentous judgment by every one who would understand its real tenor and effect; and it is under the light of this guiding principle that we propose to subject it to such an examination, as will, we believe, make clear its true bearings.

First, then, we have to notice that, as a consequence of this construction of the judgment, besides the direct judicial sentence as to penalties incurred or avoided in these pages, there is a moral decision on them running through the whole legal utterance, couched often in language of singular force and clearness. Thus, for example, our own complaint of a studied obscurity and evasiveness of statement is continually repeated by

the judge. "First, then," he says, "to ascertain the real meaning of the passages extracted (p. 18); and I must say this is no easy task. If the author had studied to express his sentiments with ambiguity, I doubt if he could have been more successful. Having read and re-read the passage, I am not satisfied that I distinctly and accurately comprehend its import" (p. 14). Again: "It is very difficult, for me at least, to ascertain the true intent of this sentence." Again (p. 21): "I am not sure that I distinctly comprehend the meaning of the next sentence." Again (p. 33): "It is to be regretted that Mr. Wilson, in his essay, has frequently expressed himself in language so ambiguous as to admit of opposite constructions" (p. 24). "I proceed to the next passage. I will candidly say that I do not feel perfectly certain that I comprehend its true meaning." "The next part of the extract is still more difficult" (p. 34). "This sentence is open to diverse interpretations, and some of its terms are self-contradictory" (p. 34).

Who can read these reiterated groans of baffled judicial sagacity without sympathy for the sufferer who has to track out amidst these "evasions," "self-contradictions," and "studied obscurities" the golden thread of thought? To demand a judgment on them is really too like the requirement of the Babylonian king, who bid the puzzled soothsayers recall the vanished dream, of which they were to furnish afterwards the interpretation. But there are deeper evils in such a style of writing than the agonies it causes to the judge who has to decide upon its criminalities. These obscurities of statement as to the Articles of the Faith are the readiest instruments of spreading error. Under such clouds of thought and words, the whole body of the truth may be carried piecemeal away. The most marked outlines of the Christian scheme melt away amidst these mists into the undistinguished glimmering of the surrounding fog. Obscurity, therefore, in a teacher of the Faith is close akin to the deadly crime of pronounced heresy.

There is, too, another evil in obscurity of which this judgment supplies frequent instances. The Protean character of error so promulgated, whilst it is singularly favorable to the generation of doubts, eludes by its shadowy uncertainty the mocked grasp of justice. "I think," says the judge (p. 29),

* Judgment delivered on the 25th of June, 1862, by the Right Hon. S. Lushington, Dean of the Arches, i. 44.

"there is a doubt as to the sense in which Dr. Williams has expressed himself; and if there be a doubt, as this is a criminal case, he is entitled to the benefit of it." "Mr. Wilson's use of these contradictory terms . . . might leave . . . the impression that he doubted whether the Holy Scriptures had been supernaturally communicated, etc." "Without saying this impression of this passage is false, I cannot say it is necessarily the true one, especially considering this is a criminal case. . . . On the whole, therefore, I come to the conclusion that as a criminal charge, "it cannot be supported" (p. 35). "Whatever may be its meaning, it is much too vague to enable me to draw any conclusion from it." And so the teacher of error so far retains his place amongst the authorized declarers of the Church's doctrine. His offence (for obscurity or ambiguity upon such subjects is an offence) is his protection. This is a second and a great evil of such a style of writing in clergymen. As we said at first, we consider the evil done by the clergy being suffered to vent such speculations far greater than any evil likely to be done by the speculations themselves. There may be few who are sufficiently weak to have their faith shaken by such empty suggestions; but the weight of the whole Order may be shaken by the permitted presence in it of such cloudy heretics. The "Epistolæ" of these in this sense "*obscurorum virorum*" are too dull to be very misleading, and might, so far as their intrinsic power of spreading error goes, have been left to perish as literary failures by their own ponderosity; but trust in all guidance may be fatally shaken if the dullest of misleaders are suffered to remain undisturbed on the roll of authorized guides.

It is not, then, as it seems to us, easy to exaggerate this primary condemnation by Dr. Lushington of these obscure transmitters of the lights of revealed truth.

But there is yet another class of censures which pervades the judgment, the full weight of which can only be estimated by those who know and bear fully in remembrance the great breadth of the judge's own long-expressed sympathies with all fair and honest intellectual speculation and inquiry as to revealed religion, even to the verge of what many might deem rationalism itself. These are contained in the perpetually recurring dis-

tinction between the question the judge has to decide—namely, whether "doctrines have been promulgated at variance with the doctrines of the Church, as declared in the Articles and Formularies"? (Judg. p. 5) and that which he has not to decide—namely, whether "they are inconsistent with the true doctrine of the Christian faith"? They are couched in such words as these: "There may be much that in the private opinion of the court excites deep regret, and is deserving of censure or severest reprobation (p. 17), and yet that the law of the Church may not reach" (p. 9). "Though I think Dr. Williams's opinion militates against one of the most important doctrines held by the most venerated divines of the Church, I cannot come to the conclusion that the Articles, etc., have been violated" (p. 22). "This may be wholly irreconcilable with that which is generally esteemed to be the orthodox teaching of the Church, but is not struck by the Sixth and Seventh Articles of Religion" (p. 26).

But perhaps the severest of all these censures, as expressing the moral estimate formed by the judge of the dishonesty of writings which yet just escaped the hold of the law, is contained in the passages which deal with Mr. Wilson's new theory of subscription. "Mr. Wilson draws some very fine distinctions as to how the Articles of Religion may, in truth, be attacked and censured." "There is rather a long discussion upon the meaning of the words 'allowing' and 'acknowledging the Articles to be agreeable to the Word of God.' Mr. Wilson goes the length of saying 'many acquiesce in or submit to a law as it operates upon themselves, which they would be horror-struck to have enacted.' The plain meaning of this is, that a man may allow* that which he disbelieves to be true and right, or, rather, that which he deems to be wholly wrong. . . . The effect of this doctrine enunciated by any clergyman of the Church of England may be comprised in a few words: it is to affirm that a clergyman may subscribe to the Articles

* It may be well to remind our readers of the fact which we have already pointed out (vol. cix. p. 276), that the word "allow" in the 36th Canon does not mean, as Mr. Wilson supposes, to acquiesce in, but to "approve." This is not only shown by the general language of the age in which the Canons were framed, but is placed beyond all doubt by the fact that in the Latin Canon, which is of co-ordinate authority with the English, "alloweth" is expressed by "*omnino comprobatur*."—*Cardwell's Synodalia*, i. 186.

without any regard to the plain literal meaning thereof, and at the very same time repudiate the essential doctrines contained therein" (p. 28). Again, "Mr. Wilson has conformed to the thirty-sixth canon, though he may have advised others to evade it. . . I think that the substance of what Mr. Wilson has written is this: to suggest modes by which the Articles subscribed may be evaded, contrary to the king's declaration and the terms of subscription. . . . Mr. Wilson . . . has subscribed these . . . Articles . . . whether in the sense required by the Canon or with what qualification I forbear to inquire" (p. 90).

With our old-fashioned English notions of what honesty is, and what it is worth, we can scarcely conceive of censure more biting than that which is contained in all these passages, which, so far as actual legal condemnation is concerned, are exculpatory of the accused. Surely this condemnation from the aged judge—known through a long life for opinions verging, if to either extreme, certainly not to that of excessive orthodoxy—and whom a knowledge of the excitement the volume had created only "induced to exercise all care and vigilance, and to preserve a perfectly equal and dispassionate mind" (p. 6)—surely such a moral condemnation from such a man would justify all our former notes of warning.

But this moral condemnation is not all, or anything like all. With all their sepia-like power of obscuring plain truths, and escaping in the troubled waters of controversy, the accused were far from escaping direct legal censure. The points on which they are condemned are the following: Dr. Rowland Williams, for declaring the Bible to be "an expression of devout reason, and the written voice of the congregation"—one of the special errors to which we called attention,*—is adjudged to have violated the Sixth and Seventh Articles of Religion, and to have advanced "positions substantially inconsistent with the all-important doctrine imposed by law that the Bible is God's word written" (p. 20). Secondly. On the cardinal doctrine of Propitiation, which "by the Thirty-first Article of Religion is declared to be the Oblation by Christ finished upon the Cross for sin," Dr. Williams is condemned for a declaration of it

"inconsistent with and contrary to the Thirty-first Article" (p. 27). Thirdly. As to Justification by Faith, he is condemned for teaching it to be peace of mind, instead of Justification for the merit of our Lord by faith—an explanation "wholly inconsistent with and repugnant to the Eleventh Article" (p. 31).

Thus, in fine, after all ambiguities and obscurations; after striking out all the contradictions of Holy Scripture as it has always been understood by the pious and devout; after subtracting all passages in which the writer is rather retailing Baron Bunsen's views than stating his own, and giving him the benefit of every doubt, he is condemned for no lighter errors than denying Holy Scripture to be the Word of God, and explaining away or contradicting the doctrine of the Propitiation wrought out for us by our Lord, and our own justification in God's sight for the only merits of our Saviour. Can there be any doubt in the mind of a reasonable man, whether the Bishop of Salisbury could honestly allow the poor parishioners of Broad Chalke to be the subjects of clerical teaching which would rob them of their Bible, of propitiation through the death of Christ, and justification by his merits?

Nor does the mode in which this judgment has been received by Dr. Williams, eminently characteristic as it is of the man, in any degree mend his case. It has led to the publication of a sermon preached at Lampeter, and put forth with an appendix, from which we must cull for our readers a few of the peculiar flowers. It contains, we venture to think, more self-praise and more abuse, direct and implied, of all who differ from him—implying a habit of mind richly furnished with two of the most eminent qualities for making an heretic, conceit and bitterness—than, perhaps, any similar production of any other writer has ever exhibited. Here are a few of the specimens from the Hortus Siccus of Lampeter. It is thus that the general protest of laity and clergy against the "Essays" is handled. "No presumption against the religious tendencies of a book arises from its vehement condemnation by persons influential in Church and State, but rather the contrary. There is a time to convince gainsayers, and a time to awaken formalists. . . . If our

* *Quarterly Review*, vol. 109, p. 288.

eyes were purged to see as Heaven sees, we might find that the Jewish victims of the Middle Ages were nearer to the God of Abraham than the vicious idolaters who murdered them for gold in the name of Christ . . . their worst errors [the Albigenses] were less injurious to mankind than the crimes of the hierarchy by whom they were massacred.*

Having dealt thus with those who condemned, he thus endorses many of his former views. As for the Bible, his views, he tells us, would leave it "a relative sanctity for its subject's sake," when there had been made the "deductions from supposed infallibility which the truth of letters requires" (p. 6). What these deductions may amount to we can a little understand when we find that "the conscience of mankind revolts not only often against inhumanities and passions in ancient Jewry," but "sometimes against precepts or tone of narrative, by which those crimes are justified or not condemned" (p. 8); that "allowance" is to be made "with respect to the story of the sun arrested in his course, in order to prolong a day of bloodshed" (p. 13); in that "the mode of showing a sceptical astronomer that his prejudices about the sun should yield to the contemporaneity of the Book of Joshua has not yet been denied" (p. 24); and that "the vulgar theory of predication" (p. 11) is to be got rid of; and that "the Gospels" are to be "esteemed" a memorial of the spiritual impulse propagated from the life of Christ, rather than a code of legalized precepts (p. 10).

Lastly, let us set side by side his estimate of himself and of those who have the misfortune to be opposed to him. Of himself and of his teaching he supplies us with the following sketches, some lines of which may, we think, at least awaken a smile on the episcopal features in Abergwili Palace:—

"To you, my friends, who . . . have observed the unsurpassed patience and courtesy to men of all ranks with which for eleven years I have occupied a highly complicated position, let me say that on the cardinal question of prophetic interpretation my performance has not belied the promise of my life; and when hereafter every citation of mine shall be proved substantially correct, my interpretations the most Chris-

tian *honestly possible*, my principles full of that truth for which Christ died suffering, and the policy of my detractors animated by a spirit neither religious nor just," etc. (p. 19.)

Was there ever a more perfect echo of the old self-sufficiency, "Wisdom shall die with us—we are they that ought to speak"?

These last words give a promise of how those who differ from him are to be treated; and undoubtedly that "promise," at least, "of his life" is not belied. When he finds that the judge condemns him, he explains, "with no great discourtesy, the miscarriage of justice" (p. 62). Reflecting on the ignorance which filled the seat of judgment, he concludes that "with no literary light, there could be no ecclesiastical justice" (p. 62). whilst the general administration of the court is thus sneered at with his usual "unsurpassed courtesy." "If we imagine an apostle—and it is easier to conceive all the apostles—indicted in the Court of Arches, than sanctioning the proceedings of their successors there," etc. (p. 60). It is, indeed, against these "successors" that he seems to rage the most angrily. He is himself the "offspring of God, trampled into the grave by the policy of Caiaphas" (p. 48). "Evasion has been on the same side as violence" (p. 47). "It is equally dangerous," he avers, "to suffer a bishop's injuries silently, or to refute them triumphantly" (p. 31). What his personal experience of the first alternative may have been we cannot undertake to say, but his correspondence with the Bishop of St. David's makes it quite certain that from that peculiar form of danger which waits upon "refuting a bishop triumphantly" Dr. Rowland Williams was never otherwise than in the most entire security.

We will give our readers but two more specimens of Dr. Rowland Williams. The one, his mode of referring to the volume called "*Aids to Faith*," the general character of which we have noted above. Having, as he conceives, silenced some of its reasoning, he refers in his note to the passage he is dealing with as being contained in the "*Aids to Tradition*" (pp. 34, 422). The last specimen of this writer shall be his general character of the trial in which he has been so justly condemned. "What," he says, "will be the result of this suit, under-

* "Persecution for the Word," pp. 2, 3.

taken in order to procure the falsification of literature, brought forward under untrue pretexts, supported by dislocated quotations, pleaded with rude unfairness, and painfully procrastinated beyond its natural occasion? I trust, even surrounded by all arts of chicanery, to reap from the God of Justice a reward for the many years in which I have taught faithfully the doctrines of my own Church in an easy bursting of this episcopal bubble" (p. 43).

Compare with this signal example of "unsurpassed patience and courtesy" the grave, calm words of the prelate it would malign:—

"And now, my brethren, I have all but reached the end which I set before me. I have, indeed, omitted to speak to you of many things which are of deep interest to us all as churchmen; but this omission has been intentional. I felt that I should be otherwise trespassing too much on your patience and forbearance. But there is, however, one matter which I have thus passed by from very different considerations. I have felt precluded by the legal proceedings in which I am engaged from entering upon a subject which must lie much closer to all our hearts than any upon which I have touched, and which is far more worthy of our deepest attention. You already, I am sure, understand that I am alluding to a book which professes to be the work of six clergymen and one layman, and is called 'Essays and Reviews.' And though I am not going, however much I may be tempted to do so, to break the rule of silence which circumstances have now imposed upon me, still I feel that I owe it to my diocese, both to the clergy and laity of it, to explain to them, in not many words, the reasons which have led me to adopt the course upon which I have now entered, and to institute proceedings against the reputed writer of one of these essays.

"There was much indeed to dissuade me from acting as I have done. In the first place it is my belief, with regard not only to this one essay but to the whole volume, that there is not power enough in it to exercise a permanent influence over the minds of men. This, then, was one cause for hesitation. Secondly, I am not myself free from the fear, which many feel most keenly, that legal proceedings will very possibly for a time extend and intensify that influence, whatever it may be. Thirdly, I do not think that the constitution of our courts of judicature is as well fitted as one could desire for weighing in the fine balances of truth the many ques-

tions which will through such proceedings be necessarily submitted to them.

"There are also on the same side, and so a fourth cause of hesitation, the dictates of a righteous caution lest any feelings of indignation at what has appeared to many, and to myself amongst that number, a reckless and ruthless attempt to pull down the whole fabric of Christian doctrine to its very foundations, should make me forget the claims of justice and fair dealing and charity. And I may further add, that I was also checked in coming to the decision which I have taken by the thought that the alarming tokens of combined action and zeal and earnestness might have led me, in my fears, to exaggerate the danger, and not to give due heed to the warnings of discretion, and of calm unswerving confidence in the power of truth.

"I frankly admit that there were these difficulties in the way of my determining to institute legal proceedings. But there were, on the other side, many weighty, and to my mind preponderating considerations in favor of my submitting the essay to the court of the archbishop, and of thus trying to show that the Church of England disallowed its teaching.

"For example, however comprehensive may be the limits within which our tolerant Church allows her clergy to exercise their ministry, those limits must exist somewhere. Again, as a bishop, I accepted at the time of my consecration the responsibility of keeping the teaching of my clergy within these wide limits. Thirdly, the archbishops and bishops of the Church of England have testified by a public record that those limits have been in their opinion transgressed, and the Lower House of Convocation and my own clergy have given in their adhesion to this testimony; and such united expression of opinion has helped to press the conclusion on my mind that the case was beyond the bounds of toleration, and has quickened my sense of responsibility about it.

"It is also to be noted that upon the writers of the essays these recorded decisions have been utterly without effect. The authors of them have, by the repeated subsequent publication of their book, persisted in challenging us to show that such opinions as they have put forth are inconsistent with the position given by the law of the Church of England to her ministers. I might almost say that the writers have, by such conduct, seemed themselves to protest against informal action and to demand, in the name of justice, the formal judgment of those courts to which the decision of such questions in this country now belongs. Nor is it any valid answer to such an appeal from informal judgments to a formal one, to say that

the instruments which the Church can use in the courts of law are not those which theologians would, in all respects, trust. This may be so, but still there is no denying that they are those with which alone God has, in his good providence, provided us for the defence of his truth; and the consequence of my not using them, and so of doing nothing formally and according to legal sanction with regard to this essay, might be that our children would inherit the conclusion that such teaching, though possibly most repugnant to the religious sentiments of their fathers, was, in 1861, admitted to be not unlawful. The thought of being responsible for such impunity, and so for an admission which may be made hereafter to justify scepticism, and what is worse in members of our Church is a very intolerable burden upon any one on whom it may fall.*

Mr. Wilson's greater obscurity of expression interfered even more frequently than that of Dr. Williams's with legal conviction. But he, too, is far from escaping uncondemned. He is sentenced, First, for "denying in contradiction of the Sixth and Twentieth Articles, that the Bible was written by the special interposition of the divine power" (Judg., p. 36); Secondly, he has "infringed the Eighteenth Article, in denying all distinction between covenanted and uncovenanted mercy, and declaring that a man may be saved by the law which he professes" (p. 42); Thirdly, he is condemned for declaring "that all, finally, both great and small, will escape everlasting condemnation"—opinions which the judge "cannot reconcile with the passages cited of the Creeds and Formularies." So that on these three master propositions, to the full justification of Mr. Fendall, the Vicar of Great Staughton is convicted of contradicting the teaching of the Church of which he is a minister.

The full weight of this sentence and the moral certainty of its being confirmed, should it be questioned, on appeal in the Superior Court, can best be measured by seeing how reluctantly the judge arrived in any case at a conviction of the accused being guilty of a legal offence. Nowhere is the strong bias in this direction of the judicial mind more strikingly exhibited than in the mode in which he shelters both Dr. Williams and Mr. Wilson from the charges brought against them of denying the genuineness of the Second Epis-

tle of St. Peter. Had they, pronounces the judge, denied its canonicity, they must be condemned; but as they only deny it to be genuine, and may mean no more than that it was a canonical book, but not written by St. Peter, but "by another under divine guidance," I am bound to give them the "benefit of the doubt" (pp. 25, 26, 43). Now, if ever there were a case in which the benefit of such a doubt would seem to have been reduced to the most infinitesimal grain, surely it is this: since the question of authorship is inseparably mixed up with the truth of the Epistle. For the Epistle—not only in the first address, which is an essential part of it, but in the body of the letter, where the writer distinctly speaks of himself as a witness of the transfiguration—claims to be written by the Apostle St. Peter. To deny its authorship is, therefore, to deny its truth, and so, surely, to deny its being written under the divine guidance. And yet, with so strong and open a bias against finding the accused guilty, these two incumbents of parishes are each pronounced by the judge to have, on three separate fundamental points, contradicted the very letter of the creeds and articles.

Here, then, so far as the Court of Arches is concerned, the cause, *decided on its merits*, is waiting the end of the summer vacation for its next formal steps. We cannot doubt what those will be. It is impossible that writers morally condemned by the court with such severity, who have escaped so narrowly on so many counts, and who have been sentenced so decisively upon such momentous charges, can, without full retraction, be allowed to hold their office of teachers in the Church they have outraged.

We do not affect not to rejoice in this decision. There were those who doubted the wisdom of bringing these men to trial; we were never of the number. The mischief—we must repeat it—which their writings could do depended, in our judgment, neither on their ability, for it was little; nor their power, for it was faint; nor their learning, for it was shallow and pretentious; nor on their novelty, for it was stale;—but upon their position. The evil of the case was not that vain men should vent their vanity, but that clergymen of the United Church should be the permitted teachers of scepticism. The censure of authority alone could redress this

* Charge of the Lord Bishop of Salisbury, 1861, pp. 61, 64.

evil, and by authority they have been censured. The uneasy feeling, widely prevalent and working mighty harm, which arose from the belief that our Church could censure no error, has been set at rest. The concurrent cases of *Burder v. Heath*, which, to his high honor, the Bishop of Winchester carried through the Court of Appeal, regardless, in his zeal for the truth of God, alike of expense and obloquy, and the two essay cases which have followed in the Court of Arches, have distinctly established the disputed fact that our Church not only possesses a canon of truth to defend, but has the means of defending it practically within her power.

Nor has the form which the judgment of the Dean of the Arches has assumed caused us any real apprehension. There was undoubtedly something startling in some of the principles which he laid down when they were first stated. But they were, we believe, essentially sound, and such as alone could, in a Church connected with the nation and the State, combine the needful safeguards at once of truth and liberty. It is of great moment that this matter should be well understood; for that uneasiness is largely entertained concerning our highest courts of judgment on doctrinal matters is indisputable, and that they do need some changes cannot reasonably be denied. What those changes are, and what they are not, we think that an examination of this judgment may greatly tend to show.

The one leading principle, then, which pervades the judgment, and is repeated, as the learned judge says, *usque ad nauseam*, is, that the court is not concerned with the truth or with the falsehood of the doctrinal statements which pass under its review, but simply with their agreement with, or their difference from, the Articles and Formularies of the United Church of England and Ireland. It is the consequences of this principle which are, at first sight, startling; for under its rule it is plain that no passage of Holy Scripture as Holy Scripture, and unless the Church has directly put an interpretation upon it, can be quoted in proof of the error or soundness of any doctrinal statement. Even the parts of Scripture which are incorporated in the Formularies must be excepted from the matter round them in the pleadings before the court; and thus, whilst

a contradiction of the uninspired part of the formulary condemns the writer, a contradiction or an explaining away of the inspired part escapes uncondemned.

Another startling consequence is this—that whilst to deny the Scriptures to be the Word of God will subject an English clergyman to deprivation, he may with perfect safety inform the court that, believing it to be the Word of God, he further teaches that almost every fact stated in it is a myth, and every doctrine literally untrue, and only ideologically defensible. At first sight, it would seem that this treatment derogated highly from the supreme majesty of God's Word, and endangered fatally the Church's truth. But if we look more closely into it, we shall find reason to alter this conclusion. For, in truth, it is the divine element in the Word of God which gives to it its many-sidedness and almost infinite power of yielding utterances to the soul of man. To limit this wide compass is the very error of the essayists, who, contracting the meaning of Scripture to one single sense, bid us read it as any other book. The whole history of the Church contradicts this narrow conceit; for heretics have never wanted texts interpreted according to their own private sense with which to confirm their strange teaching. Amidst these various interpretations, it is the office of the Church, guided by the spirit who dictated the sacred volume, to fix as to all fundamental questions its true sense, and so to be a witness and a keeper of Holy Writ. In passages, therefore, where no such sense has been fixed by the Church, it would far transcend the power of an ecclesiastical judge to attempt the discharge of such a function as the fixing its true meaning. This, in language of most appropriate reverence, is the exact declaration of the Dean of the Arches: "Were such a task imposed upon me, the want of theological knowledge would incapacitate me from adequately performing it" ("Judg.," p. 13). And he calls attention to the fact that, as even in reading the Epistles and Gospels the Church is not defining doctrine, no really maintainable line can be drawn between them and the lessons, and thus that, if any portion of Scripture were admitted, he must admit, and so undertake to fix the sense of all.

So far, then, as concerns the reverence due to the Word of God, we think it clear that

the letter of Scripture must be excluded in our Ecclesiastical Courts, both from the accusation and defence. But, further, we believe that this is at the same time the safeguard both of our freedom and our truth. Of our freedom it is certainly the protection; for if, instead of being tested by this agreement with fixed and unvarying standards of doctrine, any statements of theology were to be compared with the shifting interpretations which different ecclesiastical judges might affix to the Word of God, we should soon groan under an intolerable tyranny. No opinions would be safe if measured by such a leaden rule, and the appointment of a new Dean of the Arches might involve the sentence of a generation of sound divines to the pains and penalties of heresy. For the very same reason would such a state of things be most dangerous to the maintenance of the purity of the revealed Faith. For our safety as to it rests under the direct aid of the Holy Spirit in the rich deposit of sacred truth which we have inherited, and which is fixed for us in creeds, articles, and formularies, themselves in full accordance with Holy Scripture rightly interpreted, and which therefore become in turn standing canons for the right interpretation of Scripture itself. Thus the limitation of the judge's power is indeed our safety. And this is the answer to all the fears suggested by the respected Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge in the frigid but ingenious pamphlet in which he endeavors at once to shelter the essayists from condemnation and himself from any danger of being supposed to partake of their many errors.* No decision can by possibility shake the great foundations of the faith, which under God's providence have been laid, like the roots of the mighty coral archipelago, amidst the roar and beating of storms; in the very spot where the surge has been heaviest, and the swell of the breakers the most incessant; to work out which in their perfectness thousands upon thousands through successive generations have lived and suffered and confessed and bled; the truth ever spreading firmer its ascertained base by its resistance to the billows which seemed to threaten its existence. To alter one of these founda-

tions of the faith, no such judgments as our courts thus limited are allowed to utter, can avail, more than can the plummet-line which reaches down to them upheave the vast limestone rocks which are imbedded fathoms deep in the blue waters of the Pacific.

But to this it may be objected that old definitions of the faith and old articles of religion, which were framed to meet former heresies, cannot under this limited range of modern judgment suffice to curb the wild eccentricity of newer errors. There is undoubtedly great truth in this objection. The judgment before us supplies evidence of its force. Thus "Whatever I may think," says the judge, "as to the danger of the liberty so claimed" (of "assuming a verifying faculty" as to Holy Scripture), "still, if the liberty do not extend to the impugning the Articles of Religion or the Formularies, the matter is beyond my cognizance" (Judg. p. 19).

The whole system of ideological interpretation, so fatal to maintaining any fixed objective truth as revealed in Holy Scripture, is a case in point, and a case full of danger. "I plainly see," says the judge, "to what fearful consequences this may be carried, but, provided that the doctrines of the Articles of Religion and Formularies are not contravened, the law lays down no limits of construction, no rule of interpretation for the Scriptures" (Judg. p. 37). The danger then undoubtedly exists, and the real question is, How can it be met? Not, we think that we have shown, by committing to our judges what must, if committed at all, be an utterly unlimited power, which in its operation would assuredly endanger both our freedom and our faith; but in the mode in which from the beginning the Church has guarded against it, by confronting the attacks of new heresies with the defence of new declarations of the ancient faith.

It is no real answer to this to allege that, with an action cramped and manacled as is ours from our connection with the State, it would be impossible for us to frame such new Articles. That it would be impossible we wholly deny: that it would be difficult we readily admit. The Spirituality must, of course, as the special guardians of the faith, first agree upon such Articles; when framed they could have no legal validity until the laity had assented to them, and until the

* "An Examination of some portions of Dr. Lushington's Judgment," etc., by J. Grote, B.D., Deighton.

nation in its duly constituted Assemblies had decreed their enactment. So much the virtual compact involved in every National Church between the Church and the nation necessarily requires. For the Church has declared her message of truth, has laid down its formal declarations, and surrounded it with its necessary safeguards before she enters into such an alliance. These statements and these defences of the truth the nation on its part has allowed and adopted; and the Spirituality on these conditions has received the authoritative office and the remunerating endowments of the public lawful teacher of religion. No change, then can justly be made in the *statu quo* without the free consent of both parties to the existing arrangement; and against any re-opening of the old settlement a multitude of objections would at any moment array themselves. The lovers of the old would fear that change might cost them the loss of what they had; the lovers of novelty would exclaim against it as threatening their attainment of the discoveries for which they long. Any such change would, we admit, be difficult. Nor do we think that such difficulty is by any means an unmixt evil. It is only, in our judgment, in the last resort that such changes ought to be attempted. But we do not for an instant believe that in such last resort they would be found impossible. The restoration of the action of Convocation amongst us, and the gradual revival by slow but sure steps of the Church's power of internal legislation for her own wants, in one at least of our provinces, may itself be a timely preparation for such a necessity. Nor do we doubt that, if our existing formularies prove to be an insufficient barrier against the fretting scepticism which has sought to rear its head amongst a few of our twenty thousand clergy, the honest and faithful indignation which has already so signally condemned these latest attempts of unbelief, would, if need be, embody itself in Articles of Religion sufficiently clear to enable our judges legally to condemn the new devices of the old enemy of the Faith. And even before having recourse to this we have in actual possession another safeguard. No modern legislation has taken from our sacred Synods their power of condemning heretical books. Through these organs, should the occasion arise, we doubt not that the Church would

make her voice of warning solemnly heard; and in doing so it is even an advantage, and not a loss, that, whilst she retains her power to condemn the error, she has probably no right, and therefore no requirement, to proceed against the person of the offender.

Our own articles are a living evidence of such a mode of treating error. They had been rendered necessary on the one side by the wild fancies of the Anabaptists and other fanatics, and on the other by the corrupt traditions and usurping arrogance of the Papacy. They were calmly and cautiously but boldly framed by our fathers to meet the new forms of error with which their generation was threatened. All the creeds of the Catholic Church beyond the simple doxology have had in turn a like origin. Every dogma of which they are compounded is the battle-field on which some mighty truth was defended, the burying-place of some slain and now decomposing heresy. And if the like dangers beset us we must find our safety in the like course. New errors may even yet require new articles. If the necessity should arise, it must be by the new definition of the old Faith—and not by that which even in civil matters is the most dangerous of all methods of legislation, namely, judge-made law—that we must confute the gainsayer and silence the heretic.

Here, then, we may perhaps discover to what alterations of our Ecclesiastical Courts, so far as concerns their treatment of doctrine, the real needs of the time seem to point. Not certainly to clothing our judges with these uncertain and dangerous powers, the possession of which they so strongly deprecate, but to any change which may define more exactly what their true province is, if anywhere it has been left doubtful. One provision of recent legislation we think there is which needs such revision. The addition, in certain cases, of the two Metropolitans and of the Bishop of London to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, before which appeals from the Courts of Canterbury and York are held, interferes entirely with the views of his office which are enforced in this judgment by the Dean of the Arches as those which are true in themselves and which have been laid down by the Supreme Tribunal in the recent Heath and Gorham cases. The mixture of the

spiritual element with the temporal in that court gives to it an unfortunate appearance of undertaking to decide what is the true doctrine, instead of merely giving a legal exposition to the language in which the true doctrine is already defined; and this appearance, unfortunate in even a strictly ecclesiastical court, is absolutely disastrous in the Judicial Committee, which is not an ecclesiastical tribunal, but a temporal court, advising the action of the sovereign, when appealed to as in the well-known "appel comme d'abus," as the supreme arbiter under God in any case of alleged injustice wrought in any court against the subject. We will not stop here to inquire by what legislation this anomaly should be corrected. We now merely call attention to its existence as directly militating against the principle laid down in this judgment and maintained as true by ourselves.

Here, then, for the present we leave this great matter. We see upon the whole many grounds for rejoicing at the course by which

it has travelled to its present posture. For there are many marks that now—as so often before in the Church's history—error has defeated itself. We rejoice in the unambiguous voice it has called forth from our high Ecclesiastical Court. We rejoice in the tone maintained by the Convocation of Canterbury, in the utterance of all our bishops, and in the echo it awoke amongst the clergy. We rejoice in the calm, dignified rebuke administered by the expressive silence of the laity to the promulgers of this new-fangled form of puny unbelief. We may lastly add that we rejoice in the literary issues of the conflict; in the exposure it has made of the shallow, crude, half-learned ignorance of the masters of the new movement; and in the enduring additions to our standard theology of which it has been the cause. And for ourselves, we rejoice that we were amongst the earliest to unmask the pretenders, and draw down upon our head the honorable distinction of their peculiar hostility.

FROGS IN COAL.—*To Mr. Punch.*—"Sir: I am quite ashamed of my age—I mean of my country—when I find people refusing to believe that the Frog in the Exhibition got into the coal about the period of the creation, and jumped out just in time to be ready for the International Show of 1862. The habit of disbelieving statements is most objectionable. But I hope that I shall be able to convince the most incredulous sceptic that such a thing is perfectly possible, by relating a fact which has occurred in my own family, and, I may say, under my own eye.

"The nights have been cold of late, and on Tuesday last I thought it would be pleasant to have a fire. This was accordingly lighted, and my servant, a most respectable female (duly christened, and with an excellent character), brought up the coal-skuttle. It had remained in an out-house during the summer. She placed it in one corner of my room, behind my armchair. About an hour afterwards I rose to put on some coals, and I beheld, perched upon a large lump of Wallsend, a remarkably fine frog. It was alive, and did not seem afraid of me, and, indeed, I fancied that it winked at me as I approached it. If there could be any doubt that this frog had been in one of the coals for six thousand years at least (my servant thinks 'nearer seven'), such doubt would be removed by the creature's fearlessness. It was, of course, in the poet's language, 'so unacquainted with man,' upon whom it had never looked since this orb was called into existence.

"I would have stated this convincing circum-

stance in addition to the similar evidence which I transmitted to the *Times*, only it had not occurred when I wrote. I hasten to complete the chain of testimony to the Exhibition Frog, and am, sir,

Yours obediently,
JOHN SCOTT."

"*Lillieshall Coal Depots, Paddington.*"

DEVOTION TO SCIENCE.—At one of the meetings of the British Association last week, Dr. Edward Smith said,—

"In certain cases tobacco acts as a stimulant, and may supply to the literary man the state of system at night which would be induced by a moderate quantity of alcoholic stimulants, but when the body is of full habit it must lead to disturbed sleep and may lead to apoplexy."

Dr. Punch said that as a literary man of full habit (applause) he should like to ask his friend Dr. Smith whether the unpleasant consequences he indicated might not be obviated by taking both the cigar and a moderate quantity of alcoholic stimulants.

Dr. Edward Smith said that he had not directed his attention to that question, and thought that experiments bearing upon it might be conducted with interest and with advantage.

Dr. Punch, in the most liberal manner, immediately undertook to prosecute them, and departed to his hotel with that view. He was shortly joined by Dr. Smith, and the distinguished philosophers pursued their investigations until a late hour.—*Punch.*

CHAPTER II.

A MILE off, and a thousand feet down. So Tom found it; though it seemed as if he could have chucked a pebble on to the back of the woman in the red petticoat, who was weeding in the garden; or even across the dale to the rocks beyond.

For the bottom of the valley was just one field broad, and on the other side ran the stream; and above it, gray crag, gray down, gray stair, gray moor walled up to heaven.

A quiet, silent, rich, happy place; a narrow crack cut deep into the earth, so deep, and so out of the way, that the bad bogies can hardly find it out. The name of the place is Vendale; and if you want to see it for yourself, you must go up into the High Craven, and search from Bolland Forest north by Ingleborough, to the nine Standards and Cross Fell; and if you have not found it, you must turn south, and search the Lake mountains, down to Scaw Fell and the sea; and then if you have not found it, you must go northward again by merry Carlisle, and search the Cheviots all across, from Annan Water to Berwick Law; and then, whether you have found Vendale or not, you will have found such a country and such a people as ought to make you proud of being a British boy.

So Tom went to go down; and first he went down three hundred feet of steep heather, mixed up with loose brown grit-stone, as rough as a file; which was not pleasant to his poor little heels, as he came bump, stump, jump, down the steep. And still he thought he could throw a stone into the garden.

Then he went down three hundred feet of limestone terraces, one below the other, as straight as if Mr. George White had ruled them with his ruler and then cut them out with his chisel. There was no heath there, but

First, a little grass slope, covered with the prettiest flowers, rockrose and saxifrages and thyme and basil and all sorts of sweet herbs.

Then bump down a two-foot step of limestone.

Then another bit of grass and flowers.

Then bump down a one-foot step.

Then another bit of grass and flowers for fifty yards, as steep as the house roof, where he had to slide down on his dear little tail.

Then another step of stone, ten feet high; and there he had to stop himself, and crawl along the edge to find a crack; for if he had rolled over, he would have rolled right into the old woman's garden, and frightened her out of her wits.

Then, when he had found a dark narrow crack, full of green-stalked fern, such as hangs in the basket in the drawing-room, and had crawled down through it, with knees and elbows, as he would down a chimney, there was another grass slope and another step, and so on, till—oh, dear me! I wish it was all over, and so did he. And yet he thought he could throw a stone into the old woman's garden.

At last he came to a bank of beautiful shrubs; whitebeam, with its great silver-backed leaves, and mountain-ash and oak, and below them cliff and crag, cliff and crag, with great beds of crown-ferns and wood-sedge; and through the shrubs he could see the stream sparkling, and hear it murmur on the white pebbles. He did not know that it was three hundred feet below.

You would have been giddy, perhaps, at looking down: but Tom was not. He was a brave little chimney-sweep, and when he found himself on the top of a high cliff, instead of sitting down and crying for his baba,—though he never had had any baba to cry for,—he said, "Ah, this will just suit me!" though he was very tired; and down he went, by stock and stone, sedge and ledge, bush and rush, as if he had been born a jolly little black ape, with four hands instead of two.

But he was getting terribly tired now. The burning sun on the fells had sucked him up, but the damp heat of the woody crag sucked him up still more; and the perspiration ran out of the ends of his fingers and toes and washed him cleaner than he had been for a whole year. But of course he dirtied everything terribly as he went. There has been a great black smudge all down the crag ever since. And there have been more black beetles in Vendale since than ever were known before; all of course owing to Tom's having blacked the original papa of them all, just as he was setting off to be married, with a sky-blue coat and scarlet leggings, as smart as a gardener's dog with a polyanthus in his mouth.

At last he got to the bottom. But, be-

hold, it was not the bottom—as people usually find when they are coming down a mountain. For at the foot of the crag were heaps and heaps of fallen limestone of every size, from that of your head to that of a stage-wagon with holes between them full of sweet heath-fern; and before Tom got through them, he was out in the bright sunshine again, and then he felt, once for all, and suddenly, as people generally do, that he was b-e-a-t, beat.

You must expect to be beat a few times in your life, little man, if you live such a life as a man ought to live, let you be as strong and healthy as you may; and when you are, you will find it a very ugly feeling. And I hope that that day you may have a stout stanch friend by you who is not beat; for if you have not, you had best lie where you are, and wait for better times, as poor Tom did.

He could not get on. The sun was burning, and yet he felt chill all over. He was quite empty, and yet he felt quite sick. There was but two hundred yards of smooth pasture between him and the cottage, and yet he could not walk down it. He could hear the stream murmuring, only one field beyond it, and yet it seemed to him as if it were a hundred miles off.

He lay down on the grass till the beetles ran over him, and the flies settled on his nose. I don't know when he would have got up again, if the gnats and the midges had not taken compassion on him. But the gnats blew their trumpets so loud in his ear, and the midges nibbled so at his hands and face, wherever they could find a place free from soot, that at last he woke up, and stumbled away, down over a low wall, and into a narrow road, and up to the cottage door.

And a neat pretty cottage it was, with clipt yew hedges all round the garden, and yews inside too, cut into peacocks, and trumpets and teapots and all kinds of queer shapes. And out of the open door came a noise, like that of the frogs on the Great-A, when they know that it is going to be scorching hot to-morrow—and how they know that I don't know, and you don't know, and nobody knows.

He came slowly up to the open door, which was all hung round with clematis and roses, and then peeped in, half afraid.

And there sat by the empty fireplace, filled with a pot of sweet herbs, the nicest old woman that ever was seen, in her red petticoat and short dimity bed-gown and clean white cap, with a black silk handkerchief over it, tied under her chin. And at her feet sat the grandfather of all the cats, and opposite her sat, on two benches, twelve or fourteen neat, rosy, chubby little children, learning their Chris-cross-row, and gabble enough they made about it.

Such a pleasant cottage it was, with a shiny, clean stone floor, and curious old prints on the walls, and an old black oak sideboard full of bright pewter and brass dishes, and a cuckoo clock in the corner, which began shouting as soon as Tom appeared: not that it was frightened at Tom, but that it was just eleven o'clock.

All the children started at Tom's dirty black figure; and the girls began to cry and the boys began to laugh, and all pointed at him rudely enough; but Tom was too tired to care for that.

"What art thou, and what dost want?" cried the old dame. "A chimney-sweep! Away with thee! I'll have no sweeps here."

"Water," said poor little Tom, quite faint.

"Water? There's plenty i' the beck," she said, quite sharply.

"But I can't get there; I'm most clemmed with hunger and drought." And Tom sank down upon the doorstep, and laid his head against the post.

And the old dame looked at him through her spectacles one minute and two and three; and then she said, "He's sick; and a bairn's a bairn, sweep or none."

"Water," said Tom.

"God forgive me!" and she put by her spectacles and rose, and came to Tom. "Water's bad for thee; I'll give thee milk." And she toddled off into the next room, and brought a cup of milk and a bit of bread.

Tom drank the milk off at one draught, and then looked up, revived.

"Where didst come from?" said the dame.

"Over Fell, there," said Tom, and pointed up into the sky.

"Over Harthover? and down Lewthwaite Crag? Art sure thou art not lying?"

"Why should I?" said Tom, and leant his head against the post.

"And how got ye up there?"

"I came over from the Place," and Tom was so tired and desperate he had no heart or time to think of a story, so he told all the truth in a few words.

"Bless thy little heart! And thou hast not been stealing, then?"

"No."

"Bless thy little heart! and I'll warrant not. Why, God's guided the bairn, because he was innocent! Away from the Place, and over Harthover Fell, and down Lewthwaite Crag! Who ever heard the like, if God hadn't led him? Why dost not eat thy bread?"

"I can't."

"It's good enough, for I made it myself."

"I can't," said Tom, and he laid his head on his knees, and then asked,—

"Is it Sunday?"

"No, then; why should it be?"

"Because I hear the church bells ringing so."

"Bless thy pretty heart! The bairn's sick. Come wi' me, and I'll hap thee up somewhere. If thou wert a bit cleaner, I'd put thee in my own bed, for the Lord's sake. But come along here."

But when Tom tried to get up, he was so tired and giddy that she had to help him, and lead him.

She put him in an outhouse, upon soft sweet hay and an old rug, and bade him sleep off his walk, and she would come to him when school was over, in an hour's time.

And so she went in again, expecting Tom to fall fast asleep at once.

But Tom did not fall asleep.

Instead of it he turned and tossed and kicked about in the strangest way, and felt so hot all over, he longed to get into the river and cool himself; and then he fell half asleep, and dreamt that he heard the little white lady crying to him, "Oh, you're so dirty; go and be washed." And then he heard the church bells ring so loud close to him, too, that he was sure it must be Sunday, in spite of what the old dame had said; and he would go to church, and see what a church was like inside; for he had never been in one, poor little fellow, in all his life. But the people would never let him come in, all over soot and dirt like that. He must go to the river and wash first. And he said out loud again and again, though being

half asleep he did not know it, "I must be clean; I must be clean."

And all of a sudden he found himself, not in the outhouse on the hay, but in the middle of a meadow, over the road, with the stream just before him, saying continually, "I must be clean; I must be clean." He had got there on his own legs, between sleep and awake, as children will often get out of bed, and go about the room, when they are not quite well. But he was not a bit surprised, and went on to the bank of the brook, and lay down on the grass, and looked into the clear, clear limestone water, with every pebble at the bottom bright and clean, while the little silver trout dashed about in fright at the sight of his black face; and he dipped his hand in and found it so cool, cool, cool; and he said, "I will be a fish; I will swim in the water; I must be clean; I must be clean."

So he pulled off all his clothes in such haste that he tore some of them, which was easy enough with such ragged old things. And he put his poor, hot, sore feet into the water; and then his legs; and the further he went in, the more the church bells rang in his head.

"Ah," said Tom, "I must be quick and wash myself, the bells are ringing quite loud now, and they will stop soon, and then the door will be shut, and I shall never be able to get in at all."

Tom was mistaken: for in England the church doors are left open all service time, for everybody who likes to come in, Churchman or Dissenter; ay, even if he were a Turk or a Heathen; and if any man dared to turn them out, as long as they behaved quietly, the good old English law would punish him, as he deserved, for ordering any peaceable person out of God's house, which belongs to all alike. But Tom did not know that, any more than he knew a great deal more which people ought to know.

So he tumbled himself as quick as he could into the clear, cool water.

And he had not been in it two minutes before he fell fast asleep, into the quietest, sunniest, cosiest sleep that ever he had in his life; and he dreamt about the green meadows by which he had walked that morning, and the tall elm-trees and the sleeping cows; and after that he dreamt of nothing at all.

The reason of his falling into such a delightful sleep is very simple, and yet hardly any one has found it out. It was merely that the fairies took him.

Some people think that there are no fairies. Cousin Cramchild tells little folks so in his Conversations. Well, perhaps there are none—in Boston, U. S., where he was raised. And Aunt Agitate says there are none, in her Arguments on political economy. Well, perhaps there are none—in her political economy. But it is a wide world, my little man—and thank Heaven for it, for else, between crinolines and theories, some of us would get squashed—and plenty of room in it for fairies, without people seeing them; unless of course they look in the right place. The most wonderful and the strongest things in the world, you know, are just the things which no one can see. There is life in you—and it is the life in you which makes you grow and move and think: and yet you can't see it. And there is steam in a steam-engine, and that is what makes it move: and yet you can't see it; and so there may be fairies in the world, and they may be just what makes the world go round to the old tune of—

*"C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour
Qui fait la monde à la ronde :"*

and yet no one may be able to see them except those whose hearts are going round to that same tune. At all events, we will make believe that there are fairies in the world. It will not be the last time by many a one that we shall have to make believe. And yet, after all, there is no need for that. There must be fairies, for this is a fairy-tale; and how can one have a fairy-tale if there are no fairies?

You don't see the logic of that? Perhaps not. Then please not to see the logic of a great many arguments exactly like it, which you will hear before your beard is gray.

The kind old dame came back at twelve, when school was over, to look at Tom; but there was no Tom there. She looked about for his footprints, but the ground was so hard that there was no slot, as they say in dear old North Devon. And if you grow up to be a brave healthy man, you may know some day what no slot means, and know, too, I hope, what a slot does mean—a broad slot, with blunt claws, which makes a man put out his cigar and set his teeth

and tighten his girths when he sees it; and what his rights mean, if he has them, brow, bay, tray, and points; and see something worth seeing between Haddon Wood and Countisbury Cliff, with good Mr. Parker Collyns to show you the way, and mend your bones as fast as you smash them. Only when that jolly day comes, please don't break your neck; stogged in the mire you never will be, I trust, for you are a heath-cropper bred and born.

So the old dame went in again quite sulky, thinking that little Tom had tricked her with a false story and shammed ill, and then run away again.

But she altered her mind the next day. For, when Sir John and the rest of them had run themselves out of breath, and lost Tom, they went back again, looking very foolish.

And they looked more foolish still when Sir John heard more of the story from the nurse; and more foolish still, again, when they heard the whole story from Miss Ellie, the little lady in white. All she had seen was a poor little black chimney-sweep, crying and sobbing, and going to get up the chimney again. Of course she was very much frightened: and no wonder. But that was all. The boy had taken nothing in the room; by the mark of his little sooty feet, they could see that he had never been off the hearth-rug till the nurse caught hold of him. It was all a mistake.

So Sir John told Grimes to go home, and promised him five shillings if he would bring the boy quietly up to him, without beating him, that he might be sure of the truth. For he took for granted, and Grimes too, that Tom had made his way home.

But no Tom came back to Mr. Grimes that evening, and he went to the police-office, to tell them to look out for the boy. But no Tom was heard of. As for his having gone over those great fells to Vendale, they no more dreamed of that than of his having gone to the moon.

So Mr. Grimes came up to Harthover next day with a very sour face; but when he got there, Sir John was over the hills and far away; and Mr. Grimes had to sit in the outer servants' hall all day, and drink strong ale to wash away his sorrows, and they were washed away, long before Sir John came back.

For good Sir John had slept very badly that night, and he said to his lady, "My dear, the boy must have got over into the grouse-moors, and lost himself; and he lies very heavily on my conscience, poor little lad. But I know what I will do."

So, at five the next morning, up he got, and into his bath, and into his shooting-jacket and gaiters, and into the stable-yard, like a fine old English gentleman, with a face as red as a rose, and a hand as hard as a table, and a back as broad as a bullock's; and bade them bring his shooting pony, and the keeper to come on his pony, and the huntsman, and the first whip, and the second whip, and the under-keeper, with the blood-hound in a leash—a great dog as tall as a calf, of the color of a gravel walk, with mahogany ears and nose, and a throat like a church bell. And they took him up to the place where Tom had gone into the wood, and there the hound lifted up his mighty voice, and told them all he knew.

Then he took them to the place where Tom had climbed the wall, and they shoved it down, and all got through.

And then the wise dog took them over the moor and over the fells, step by step, very slowly, for the scent was a day old, you know, and very light from the heat and drought. But that was why cunning old Sir John started at five in the morning.

And at last he came to the top of Lewthwaite Crag, and there he bayed and looked up in their faces, as much as to say, "I tell you he has gone down here!"

They could hardly believe that Tom would have gone so far, and when they looked at that awful cliff, they could never believe that he would have dared to face it. But if the dog said so, it must be true.

"Heaven forgive us!" said Sir John. "If we find him at all, we shall find him lying at the bottom." And he slapped his great hand upon his great thigh, and said,—

"Who will go down over Lewthwaite Crag, and see if that boy is alive? Oh, that I were twenty years younger, and I would go down myself!" And so he would have done, as well as any sweep in the county. Then he said,—

"Twenty pounds to the man who brings me that boy alive!" and, as was his way, what he said he meant.

Now among the lot was a little groom-

boy, a very little groom indeed; and he was the same who had ridden up the court, and told Tom to come to the Hall; and he said,—

"Twenty pounds or none, I will go down over Lewthwaite Crag, if it's only for the poor boy's sake. For he was as civil a spoken little chap as ever climbed a flue."

So down over Lewthwaite Crag he went: a very smart groom he was at the top, and a very shabby one at the bottom; for he tore his gaiters, and he tore his breeches, and he tore his jacket, and he burst his braces, and he burst his boots, and he lost his hat, and what was worst of all, he lost his shirt-pin, which he prized very much, for it was gold, and he had won it in a raffle at Malton, and there was a figure at the top of it of t'ould mare, noble old Beeswing herself, as natural as life; so it was a really severe loss: but he never saw anything of Tom.

And all the while Sir John and the rest were riding round, full three miles to the right, and back again, to get into Vendale, and to the foot of the crag.

And when they came to the old dame's school, all the children came out to see. And the old dame came out too, and when she saw Sir John she curtsied very low, for she was a tenant of his.

"Well, dame, and how are you?" said Sir John.

"Blessings on you as broad as your back, Harthover," says she—she didn't call him Sir John, but only Harthover, for that is the fashion in the North country—"and welcome into Vendale: but you're no hunting the fox this time of year?"

"I am hunting, and strange game too!" said he.

"Blessings on your heart, and what makes you look so sad the morn?"

"I'm looking for a lost child, a chimney-sweep, that is run away."

"O Harthover, Harthover," says she, "ye were always a just man and a merciful; and ye'll no harm the poor little lad if I give you tidings of him?"

"Not I, not I, dame. I'm afraid we hunted him out of the house all on a miserable mistake, and the hound has brought him to the top of Lewthwaite Crag, and—"

And the old dame broke out crying, without letting him finish his story.

"So he told me the truth after all, poor little dear; Ah, first thoughts are best, and

a body's heart'll guide them right if they will but hearken to it!" And then she told Sir John all.

"Bring the dog here, and lay him on," said Sir John, without another word, and he set his teeth very hard.

And the dog opened at once; and went away at the back of the cottage, over the road, and over the meadow, and through a bit of alder copse; and there, upon an alder stump, they saw Tom's clothes lying. And then they knew as much about it all as there was any need to know.

And Tom?

Ah! now comes the most wonderful part of this wonderful story. Tom, when he woke, for of course he woke—children always wake after they have slept exactly as long as is good for them—found himself swimming about in the stream, being about four inches, or—that I may be accurate—3·87902 inches long, and having round the parotid region of his fauces a set of external gills—I hope you understand all the big words—just like those of a sucking eft, which he mistook for a lace frill, till he pulled at them, found he hurt himself, and made up his mind that they were part of himself, and best left alone.

In fact, the fairies had turned him into a water-baby.

A water-baby? You never heard of a water-baby. Perhaps not. That is the very reason why this story was written. There are a great many things in the world which you never heard of; and a great many more which nobody ever heard of; and a great many things, too, which nobody will ever hear of, at least until the coming of the Cocqci-grues, when man shall be the measure of all things.

But there are no such things as water-babies.

How do you know that? Have you been there to see? And if you had been there to see, and had seen none, that would not prove that there were none. If Mr. Garth does not find a fox in Eversley Wood—as folks sometimes fear he never will—that does not prove that there are no such things as foxes. And as is Eversley Wood to all the woods in England, so are the waters we know to all the waters in the world. And no one has a right to say that no water-babies exist, till they have seen no water-babies existing;

which is quite a different thing, mind, from not seeing water-babies; and a thing which nobody ever did, or perhaps ever will do.

But surely if there were water-babies, somebody would have caught one at least?

Well. How do you know that somebody has not?

But they would have put it into spirits, or into the *Illustrated News*, or perhaps cut it into two halves, poor dear little thing, and sent one to Professor Owen, and one to Professor Huxley, to see what they would each say about it.

Ah, my dear little man! that does not follow at all, as you will see before the end of the story.

But a water-baby is contrary to nature.

Well, but, my dear little man, you must learn to talk about such things, when you grow older, in a very different way from that. You must not talk about "aint" and "can't" when you speak of this great wonderful world round you, of which the wisest man knows only the very smallest corner, and is, as the great Sir Isaac Newton said, only a child picking up pebbles on the shore of a boundless ocean.

You must not say that this cannot be, or that that is contrary to nature. You do not know what nature is, or what she can do; and nobody knows; not even Sir Roderick Murchison, or Professor Owen, or Professor Sedgwick, or Professor Huxley, or Mr. Darwin, or Professor Faraday, or Mr. Grove, or any other of the great men whom good boys are taught to respect. They are very wise men; and you must listen respectfully to all they say: but even if they should say, which I am sure they never would, "That cannot exist. That is contrary to nature," you must wait a little and see; for perhaps even they may be wrong. It is only children who read Aunt Agitate's Arguments, or Cousin Cramchild's Conversations; or lads who go to popular lectures, and see a man pointing at a few big ugly pictures on the wall, or making nasty smells with bottles and squirts, for an hour or two, and calling that anatomy or chemistry—who talk about "cannot exist," and "contrary to nature." Wise men are afraid to say that there is anything contrary to nature, except what is contrary to mathematical truth; for two and two cannot make five, and two straight lines cannot join twice, and a part cannot be as great as the

whole, and so on,—at least so it seems at present: but the wiser men are, the less they talk about “cannot.” That is a very rash, dangerous word, that “cannot;” and if people use it too often, the Queen of all the Fairies, who makes the clouds thunder and the fleas bite, and takes just as much trouble about one as about the other, is apt to astonish them suddenly by showing them, that though they say she cannot, yet she can, and what is more, will, whether they approve or not.

And therefore it is, that there are dozens and hundreds of things in the world which we should certainly have said were contrary to nature, if we did not see them going on under our eyes all day long. If people had never seen little seeds grow into great plants and trees of quite different shape from themselves, and these trees again produce fresh seeds, to grow into fresh trees, they would have said, “The thing cannot be; it is contrary to nature.” And they would have been quite as right in saying so, as in saying that most other things cannot be.

Or suppose again, that you had come, like M. Du Chaillu, a traveller from unknown parts; and that no human being had ever seen or heard of an elephant. And suppose that you described him to people, and said, “This is the shape and plan and anatomy of the beast, and of his feet, and of his trunk, and of his grinders, and of his tusks, though they are not tusks at all, but two outer fore teeth run mad; and this is the section of his skull, more like a mushroom than a reasonable skull of a reasonable or unreasonable beast, and so forth, and so forth; and though the beast—which I assure you I have seen and shot—is first cousin to the little hairy coney of Scripture, second cousin to a pig, and—I suspect—thirteenth or fourteenth cousin to a rabbit, yet he is the wisest of all beasts, and can do everything save read, write, and cast accounts.” People would surely have said, “Nonsense; your elephant is contrary to nature;” and have thought you were telling stories—as the French thought of Le Vailant when he came back to Paris and said that he had shot a giraffe; and as the king of the Cannibal Islands thought of the English sailor, when he said that in his country water turned to marble, and rain fell as feathers. They would tell you, the more

they knew of science, “Your elephant is an impossible monster, contrary to the laws of comparative anatomy, as far as yet known.” To which you would answer the less, the more you thought.

Did not learned men, too, hold, till within the last twenty-five years, that a flying dragon was an impossible monster? And do we not now know that there are hundreds of them found fossil up and down the world? People call them *Pterodactyles*; but that is only because they are ashamed to call them flying dragons, after denying so long that flying dragons could exist. And has not a German, this very year, discovered, what is most monstrous of all, that some of these flying dragons, lizards though they are, had *feathers*? And if that last is not contrary to what people mean by nature now-a-days, one hardly knows what is.

The truth is, that people’s fancy that such and such things cannot be, simply because they have not seen them, is worth no more than a savage’s fancy that there cannot be such a thing as a locomotive, because he never saw one running wild in the forest. Wise men know that their business is to examine what is, and not to settle what is not. They know that there are elephants, they know that there have been flying dragons; and the wiser they are, the less inclined they will be to say positively that there are no water-babies.

No water-babies, indeed? Why, wise men of old said that everything on earth had its double in the water; and you may see that that is, if not quite true, still quite as true as most other theories which you are likely to hear for many a day. There are land-babies—then why not water-babies? Are there not water-rats, water-flies, water-crickets, water-crabs, water-tortoises, water-scorpions, water-tigers and water-hogs, water-cats and water-dogs, sea-lions and sea-bears, sea-horses and sea-elephants, sea-mice and sea-urchins, sea-razors and sea-pens, sea-combs and sea-fans; and of plants are there not water-grass and water-crow foot, water-milfoil, and so on, without end?

But all these things are only nicknames; the water things are not really akin to the land things.

That’s not always true. They are, in millions of cases, not only of the same family,

but actually the same individual creatures. Do not even you know that a green drake and an alder-fly and a dragon-fly live under water till they change their skins, just as Tom changed his? And if a water animal can continually change into a land animal, why should not a land animal sometimes change into a water animal? Don't be put down by any of Cousin Cramchild's arguments, but stand up to him like a man, and answer him—quite respectfully, of course—thus:—

If Cousin Cramchild says, that if there are water-babies, they must grow into water-men, ask him how he knows that they do not? and then, how he knows that they must, any more than the Proteus of the Adelsberg caverns grows into a perfect newt?

If he says that it is too strange a transformation for a land-baby to turn into a water-baby, ask him if he ever heard of the transformation of Syllis, or the Distomas, or the common jelly-fish, of which M. Quatre-fagus says excellently well, "Who would not exclaim that a miracle had come to pass, if he saw a reptile come out of the egg dropped by the hen in his poultry-yard, and the reptile give birth at once to an indefinite number of fishes and birds? Yet the history of the jelly-fish is quite as wonderful as that would be." Ask him if he knows about all this; and if he has not, tell him to go and look for himself; and advise him—very respectfully, of course—to settle no more what strange things cannot happen, till he has seen what strange things do happen every day.

If he says that things cannot degrade, that is, change downwards into lower forms, ask him who told him that water-babies were lower than land-babies? But even if they were, does he know about the strange degradation of the common goose-barnacles, which one finds sticking on ships' bottoms; or the still stranger degradation of some cousins of theirs, of which one hardly likes to talk, so shocking and ugly it is?

And, lastly, if he says—as he most certainly will—that these transformations only take place in the lower animals, and not in the higher, say that that seems to little boys, and to some grown people, a very strange fancy. For if the changes of the lower animals are so wonderful and so difficult to dis-

cover, why should not there be changes in the higher animals far more wonderful, and far more difficult to discover? And may not man, the crown and flower of all things, undergo some change as much more wonderful than all the rest, as the Great Exhibition is more wonderful than a rabbit-burrow? Let him answer that. And if he says—as he will—that not having seen such a change in his experience, he is not bound to believe it, ask him respectfully where his microscope has been? Does not each of us, in coming into this world, go through a transformation just as wonderful as that of a sea-egg or a butterfly? and does not reason and analogy, as well as Scripture, tell us that that transformation is not the last? and that, though what we shall be, we know not, yet we are here but as the crawling caterpillar, and shall be hereafter as the perfect fly. The old Greeks, heathens as they were, saw as much as that two thousand years ago; and I care very little for Cousin Cramchild, if he sees even less than they. And so forth, and so forth, till he is quite cross. And then tell him that if there are no water-babies, at least, there ought to be; and that, at least, he cannot answer.

And meanwhile, my dear little man, till you know a great deal more about nature than Professor Owen and Professor Huxley, put together, don't tell me about what cannot be, or fancy that anything is too wonderful to be true. "We are fearfully and wonderfully made," said old David; and so we are, and so is everything around us, down to the very deal table. Yes; much more fearfully and wonderfully made, already, is the table, as it stands now, nothing but a piece of dead deal wood, than if as rogues say, and fools believe, spirits could make it dance, or talk to you by rapping on it.

Am I in earnest? Oh, dear, no. Don't you know that this is a fairy-tale, and all fun and pretence, and that you are not to believe one word of it, even if it is true?

At all events, so it happened to Tom. And, therefore, the keeper and the groom and Sir John made a great mistake, and were very unhappy—Sir John, at least—without any reason, when they found a black thing in the water, and said it was Tom's body, and that he had been drowned. They were utterly mistaken. Tom was

quite alive, and cleaner and merrier than he ever had been. The fairies had washed him, you see, in the swift river, so thoroughly, that not only his dirt, but his whole husk and shell had been washed quite off him, and the pretty little real Tom was washed out of the inside of it, and swam away, as a caddis does when its case of stones and silk is bored through, and away it goes on its back, paddling to the shore, there to split its skin, and fly away as a caperer, on four fawn-colored wings, with long legs and horns. They are foolish fellows, the caperers, and fly into the candle at night, if you leave the door open. We will hope Tom will be wiser, now he has got safe out of his sooty old shell.

But good Sir John did not understand all this, not being a fellow of the Linnæan Society; and he took it into his head that Tom was drowned. When they looked into the empty pockets of his shell, and found no jewels there, nor money—nothing but three marbles, and a brass button with a string to it—then Sir John did something as like crying as ever he did in his life, and blamed himself more bitterly than he ought. So he cried, and the groom-boy cried, the huntsman cried, and the dame cried, and the little girl cried, and the dairymaid cried, and the old nurse cried, for it was somewhat her fault, and my lady cried, for though people have wigs, that is no reason why they should not have hearts: but the keeper did not cry, though he had been so good-natured to Tom the morning before, for he was so dried up with running after poachers, that you could no more get tears out of him than milk out of leather; and Grimes did not cry, for Sir John gave him ten pounds, and he drank it all in a week. Sir John sent far and wide to find Tom's father and mother: but he might have looked till doomsday for them, for one was dead and the other was in Botany Bay. And the little girl would not play with her dolls for a whole week, and never forgot poor little Tom. And soon my lady put a pretty little tombstone over Tom's shell, in the little churchyard in Vendale,

where the old dalesmen all sleep side by side, between the limestone crags. And the dame decked it with garlands every Sunday, till she grew so old that she could not stir abroad; then the little children decked it for her. And always she sung an old, old song, as she sat spinning what she called her wedding-dress. The children could not understand it, but they liked it none the less for that; for it was very sweet and very sad, and that was enough for them. And these are the words of it:—

SONG.

When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away:
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down;
Creep home, and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among:
God grant you find one face there,
You loved when all was young.

Those are the words, but they are but the body of it; the soul of the song was the dear old woman's sweet face and sweet voice, and the sweet old air to which she sang; and that, alas! one cannot put on paper. And, at last, she grew so stiff and lame, that the angels were forced to carry her; and they helped her on with her wedding-dress, and carried her up over Harthover Fells, and a long way beyond that too; and there was a new schoolmistress in Vendale, and we will hope that she was not certificated.

And all the while Tom was swimming about in the river, with a pretty little lace collar of gills about his neck, as lively as a grig, and as clean as a fresh-run salmon.

And if you don't like my story, then go to the schoolroom, and learn your multiplication table, and see if you like that better. Some people, no doubt would do so. So much the better for us, if not for them. It takes all sorts, they say, to make a world.

From The Spectator.

A GERMAN PEPYS.*

THE two concluding volumes of Varnhagen's diary, which have been published quite recently, are distinguished from the first four books by far greater boldness of utterance and prevailing bitterness of tone. The irritation produced by the Slough of Despond of Prussian politics, even on a calm philosophic mind like that of the writer, is reflected in the progress of the work, and while the first part of it is tolerably measured in criticism, the succeeding chapters show more and more of inward agitation, while the close is marked by a very whirlwind of anger and disappointment. With wonted perspicacity, the Prussian police has acknowledged these nice gradations of treason. Volumes one and two were confiscated *pro tempore*, and after a while set afloat again; three and four had the honor of a *bonâ fide* prosecution, with condemnation of the able editress to a year's imprisonment, which distinction the niece of Varnhagen had the good sense to escape, by an early excursion to Switzerland; and five and six are at this moment hunted after with considerable fury, extending to the invasion of private property, and the wholesale ransacking of booksellers' stores. These judicious measures have had the ordinary effect of producing an extraordinary sale of the work. Throughout the length and breadth of the dominions of William I., the diary of the old *Geheimrath*, who all his life long passed for a sound Conservative, and now shows himself in utter democratic nakedness, is read with immense eagerness and unalloyed satisfaction. The relish is properly fanned by the skilful management of the *Herr Polizeidirector* of Berlin, who, as soon as there is a lull in the zeal of readers, orders a new razzia in the metropolitan book-shops, which is certain to end with the seizure of some half a dozen well-thumbed volumes on an unguarded shelf, and the introduction of some hundred others from Leipsic. They are such intensely clever people, these Prussians!

Varnhagen's fifth volume begins on the 1st of May, 1848, in the very zenith of the rev-

olutionary agitation. The diarist shows how there is not the shadow of a government in Prussia; the king alternately crying and cursing; his eldest brother, heir to the throne, forcibly "studying constitutional life in England," and the Chiefs of the Ancient Bureaucracy secreting themselves in all sorts of holes and corners. Old Varnhagen is in immense glee, but hides his satisfaction under the demure privy-councillor look. Under May 5th he writes:—

"Took a promenade along the Linden with Herr Councillor Johannes Schulze. A banker, an acquaintance of S., ran against us in great excitement, lamenting the result of the preliminary elections to the National Assembly. Even in Pomerania and the Marches, he said, no nobles, landed proprietors, or other 'superior people' had been chosen as electors, but mere cottagers, tradesmen, and peasants. The beast of a banker had no idea how my heart rejoiced at this news."

The poor "beast" was evidently frightened at the course of events, but there was really no danger whatever in the situation, notwithstanding the extreme anarchy in the Government. Never was a victorious populace more quiet and moderate in their demands than these good Berliners at the time of the revolution; and never property more safe in the Prussian capital than in the spring of 1848, when there was not a soldier nor gendarme within the walls, and the fat citizens in ill-fitting Landwehr coats stood sentinel at the gates. The only thing approaching to a tumult occurred late on the evening of the 12th of May, when a rumor arose of the return of the exiled Prince of Prussia, which had the effect of drawing a vast crowd to the front of his palace, on which the words "National property" were inscribed on the 19th of March, but afterwards effaced. Laboring under the impression that if the inscription were replaced, the hated heir apparent would not show himself again, the multitude surrounded the royal residence, and a number of patriotic masons were on the point of commencing the writing with hammer and chisel when a company of the National Guard arrived.

"Many thousands of people filled the place, and the citizen-guard commanded by General Ashoff, was ranged round the sides. Some orators addressed the crowd, speaking

* *Tagebücher von K. A. Varnhagen von Ense* (Diary of Varnhagen von Ense). Vols. V. and VI. Leipsic; F. A. Brockhaus. London: Trübner and Co.

For notice of Vols. I. to IV., see *Living Age*. No. 948.

with great presence of mind and with much applause, which induced the general to come also forth as a speaker. On the recommendation of these gentlemen, the crowd soon dispersed in the best possible humor, crying merrily, 'Good-night! Good-night!' It was then half-past one in the morning."

It was clear from the beginning that the revolutionary good-humor was going a little too far, and was, in fact, nothing more than want of energy, combined with political ignorance. Even the obtuse ancient aristocracy began to perceive this before long, and took its measures accordingly. The troops were soon called back to Berlin, as well as the police, the Prince of Prussia and the old women of the camarilla; and before the summer was over, events were going fast back into the much-admired bureaucratic direction. However, the whole was a mere patching up of old materials, the real cement of which had disappeared, without possibility of finding a substitute. The king, his brothers, his ministers, the army, the official hierarchy, and the national representation, formed so many elements opposed to each other, in the struggle of which the open anarchy of the revolution was only changed into the chaos of political intrigue. Frederick William IV. secretly trembled before his eldest brother, the hope of the feudal-aristocratic party; and he again was afraid of Prince Charles, the next heir in the order of royal lineage, who were zealously coquetting with the democrats and ultra-radicals. It is stated in the diary:—

"Prince Charles of Prussia is working with great zeal to create a party for himself. His intentions seem decidedly to exclude his brother, the Prince of Prussia, and son, from the succession to the throne, for the benefit of himself and family. Such conflicts in royal houses ordinarily mark their dissolution."

The adherents of the Prince of Prussia on every occasion spoke with the greatest contempt of the king. "As long as the fat man (*der dicke Mann*) remains on the throne," said one of them to Varnhagen, "there is no salvation for the country." On the other hand, the prince had his enemies in the bosom of his own family, according to the diarist.

"The Prince of Prussia, on his return from England, got acquainted with the fact that

his consort had been busy weaving a network of intrigue against him, tending to his exclusion from the right of succession, and the ultimate advent to the throne of her son, in whose name she hoped to reign as queen-regent. The prince reproached her in the most violent way; and although the princess tried hard to talk herself out of the scrape, she was not very successful."

Bettina von Arnim—Goethe's "Child"—for a long time in intimate correspondence with Frederick William IV., told Varnhagen in the middle of August that great efforts were made by the aristocratic party to bring the king to abdicate, for the purpose of elevating to the throne the Prince of Prussia. The latter, about this time put himself in open antagonism to his royal brother, by heading every movement of the reaction, and becoming the advocate in particular of a separatist Prussian policy, in opposition to the ruling German-unity tendencies. According to the diarist, "the king was quite willing to acknowledge Archduke John as Lord Protector of the German Empire; but was prevented doing so by the threats of the Prince of Prussia of a military insurrection." Somewhat later, Varnhagen notes a new set of tactics for gaining friends to the prince. Under Sept. 9, he enters in his journal:—

"It is very curious that within the last few days the news has been rapidly spreading that the Prince of Prussia has become a liberal, and is not only entirely with the people, but the only one who can be trusted and confided in. The story is told in public houses and markets; servants and tradesmen repeat it to each other. Some suspect Held (a well-known stump orator of the time) to be the originator of the tale; while others mention the name of the Count von Pfeil, who has recently visited the prince several times. Another, Dr. Cohnfeld, who does a little in cockney fine writing under the *nom de plume* of Buddelmeyer, was until recently in the most abject poverty, but on a sudden has been travestied into a gentleman—as is said, by his royal highness. It is generally known that the prince is spending large sums at present."

The sequel follows but a few days after; under April 11:—

"Held is said to have got a sound hiding to-day, at the Linden, where he was holding forth. . . . The position of the Prince of Prussia must be desperate to lean upon such people. First chief of the feudal aristocracy, next of the rabble; will it do?"

The king would have had a splendid opportunity about this period, to make himself the most popular man in the country; for the intrigues of his own relations were beginning to create general disgust, and much pity, akin to sympathy, was felt for him. Unhappily, his majesty did nothing to deserve confidence, but much to lose it. He made a dreadful pother about the decree of the National Assembly depriving him of his titular "By the grace of God;" and at the same moment played pranks not to be excused in a schoolboy. One of the ladies of honor to the queen, returning to her rooms after a short absence, found them in the most painful disorder; petticoats strown about, stockings, garters, and other unmentionable things, even "*allerlei kleines Geräth*." After a moment's perplexity, a light dawned upon the fair one. "Ah!" she ejaculated, "the king has been here." The new edition of the old play, "*Le Roi s'amuse*," was, it appears, well known at the court of Frederick William IV. The royal jokes were unfortunately not always of the harmless bou-doir nature; but assumed at times a vexatious practical shape. His majesty had a way of substituting his boot-heels for arguments, which, however impressive, gained him no friends; no more than the half-haughty and half-silly manner in which he was wont to address his ministers, or occasional parliamentary deputations. It was on receiving one of the latter and giving evasive replies to questions and remonstrances of very serious import, that Jacoby directed the famous words to Frederick William, "It is the misfortune of kings that they will not listen to truth." The phrase created an immense sensation at the time, was productive of unpleasant challenges, and pleasant garlands, and addresses of all sorts, and gave rise finally to a monster torchlight procession in honor of the bold Hebrew deputy. The political influence of the Jews, always in favor of democracy, became strongly visible in Prussia about this period.

The last volume of Varnhagen's diary, containing entries from the 1st of January to the last of December, 1849, is full of mournful reminiscences and bitter criticisms on the men and events of the time. The hopes of the poor old philosopher and *Geheimrath* had been raised so high in the volcanic days of the preceding year, that the natural course

of reaction fell upon him with fatal effect, entirely disturbing the equanimity of his mind. Some of the entries show that he was getting savage at times, and near becoming a convert to republicanism, eminently unbecoming to a privy councillor. Under February 22d he writes:—

"The King of Hanover threatens to run away to England with his whole court. What a good job it would be if he were to carry out his intention, inducing some of his crowned friends to keep him company. There then might still be a hopeful future in store for us."

When, in a little more than a month after, Frederick William IV. was chosen Emperor of Germany by the professorial Parliament of Frankfort, Varnhagen had a long discussion with a patriotic Prussian count, defending the election:—

"You speak of sacred rights of sovereigns. Very good; but how did the now existing 'sacred rights' originate? Was it otherwise than at the Kaiser's power and the liberty of the German people; not to speak of open treachery and perfidy, in the service of the French Napoleon? Let us see how our own dear Prussian kings have grown up. Brandenburg and the electoral dignity were bought for ready cash; and the royal ermine was obtained by bribery, cunning, and artful diplomacy. Talk of history; yes, history is a very funny thing."

The sketch of the arrival of the deputation from Frankfort, with the imperial crown in their hands, forms a number of striking chapters in Varnhagen's diary. The weakness and imbecility of the king were never more apparent than on this occasion. Frederick William had the greatest desire to call himself emperor instead of king; but was trembling in his heart in fear of the opposition he might encounter among the German princes, and therefore sought to gain time and courage by temporizing. To the direct offer of the imperial crown he gave no direct answer, and yet managed to offend every member of the Frankfort deputation by his vacillation and occasional impertinent remarks. To Frederick von Raumer he said, sneering, "Oh, you offer me what is not your own;" to Herr Beseler, "I believe your brother is King of Holstein;" and to Dr. Riesser, the eloquent Hebrew orator and deputy of Hamburg, "I hope you will agree with me that I must not accept a *circumcised*

crown." As may be expected, the men of Frankfort, as well practised as any in witty parley, owed nothing to his majesty, and the conversation at some of the interviews was of the warmest. According to Bettina von Arnim:—

"The king one day was trembling for rage that a baptized Jew (Simson) should have dared to put himself at the head of a deputation, coming to offer the imperial crown to a 'great king.' He professed to be angry with the whole of the 'Frankfort rabble, which may go to the d—l.' To a few of the deputation he made the most insolent as well as stupid remarks; among others, to the deputy of Mecklenburg, to whom he said: 'I have learned a sacred truth in these unholy times; the only cure for democrats are soldiers (*Gegen demokraten helfen nur Soldaten*). To this I will conform.' All the while his majesty was burning for eagerness to get the imperial crown and sceptre."

The deputies from Frankfort were not slow to see through the whole misery of the spectacle before them as being nothing more than a combination of bluster and weakness. One of the members expressed the disappointment which all felt, in the words, "We had come to Berlin in the hope of finding a king, but are sorry to see only an old woman in breeches." It seems strange that the learned professors of Frankfort should not have known much of what they learnt at Berlin, long before they decided by solemn vote to give their crown away.

The state of Prussia, towards the end of 1849, is summed up by Varnhagen in the following words which, to a great extent,

may be accepted as true at the present moment:—

"Who reigns now in Prussia? The king certainly not, for his will has effect only when swimming with a certain stream. It is in reality the aristocratic military party which rules, that old incarnate Prussiadom (*Preussengeist*) which sees the state in the army, though it is compelled at the present moment to move in new forms, the old ones having been broken to pieces. The sovereign's power itself is lost, even as far as regards the troops. The monarchy in good truth is without a monarch, and the kingless government has become a mere oligarchy. Perhaps it is something to discover that the country can do without a king; but then it is useless to prate still about the Prussia of the Hohenzollerns. It seems but too clear that the aristocratic reaction itself has become a revolution."

The fifth and sixth volumes of the "*Tagebücher*," as already mentioned, conclude the work; but there is a rumor in German literary circles that a good many more of Varnhagen's manuscripts remain behind, to be given before long to the world by the indefatigable Miss Ludmilla Assing, the editress of the present publication. But the matter, consisting of letters, notes, and short articles, is stated to be so awfully treasonable, that even the printers of Leipzig, otherwise bold enough (in the German sense of the word) refuse to print it, and it will have to be carried probably to the Swiss republic of letters, to see the light of day untouched by censor pens, but bountifully adorned by typographical blunders.

1854 AND 1862.—Among the distinguished visitors who are just now honoring us with their presence in this country (come, *Punch* can do the elegant thing when he likes) is that gallant Russian officer, General Liprandi, who is shooting in Scotland. The valiant commander's name was, a few years ago, associated with a day on which he tried, in the service of his own sovereign, to do us all the mischief he could, and he went at his work like a man, and it is no discredit to him that the result was not quite satisfactory to the Emperor of all the Russias. *Mr. Punch* commemorated the event in a little poem destined to live to all time, but as that tremendous hero, Colonel North (whose unutterably glorious military achievements entitle him to be

heard on such a subject), objects to memorials of the Crimean war, and thinks that the Sebastopol cannon, now sprinkled over the country, ought to be called in, like the old copper coinage, *Mr. Punch* begs to modify his original strain, and to make it polite, in honor of a brave soldier no longer an enemy:—

"Remember, remember
The Fifth of November,
Inkermann, powder, and shot,
When General Liprandi
Fought John, Pat, and Sandy—
And—gave it 'em awfully hot."

—*Punch*.

From The Saturday Review.

MEDICINE AND PHYSIOLOGY.

THE most ancient, the most universal, and the most necessary of all the applied sciences—that which seeks to restore the human body from disease to health—is just now in a singular condition. Medicine and its professors have long held sway over the hopes and fears of mankind. The science officially taught in universities and lecture-rooms has over and over again been forced to alter its fundamental principles and its outward practice; yet one-half of mankind has continued to look up with unswerving confidence to the authority of the Faculty, while the other half has been ever ready to run after the new sectaries who constantly arise to question the doctrine of the schools, and to propound some new remedy for human suffering. To no purpose have the orthodox professors exposed the manifest short-comings of their opponents. Quackery has continued to thrive—being commonly a mere impudent speculation upon the public credulity, sometimes a sincere and ignorant confidence in the virtues of a nostrum, and now and then the partial appreciation of some truth neglected or overlooked by the regular practitioners.

It has been a convenient doctrine to set down the success of dissenting medicine to the general want of scientific instruction, and to an ignorant impatience of disease among the unreasonable mass of mankind, prompting them to have recourse to whatever irregular short-cut might be offered for escape from bodily suffering. But in this, as in some other matters, men in general are not such fools as wise professors think them. Cold water and hot air, nay, even such coarse specifics as those of Morrison and Holloway, have not recruited their votaries exclusively amongst the ignorant and the credulous. The plain truth is that people have followed quacks because they have not found in the doctrines or the practice of the regular profession reasonable ground for confidence. Even those who knew nothing of the numerous revolutions that have over and over again upset the prevailing doctrines as to the nature of disease and remedial action, have seen that there could be little certainty about a system which changes all its outward practices every ten or twenty years. If bleeding, calomel, starving, stim-

ulants, warm rooms, open windows, have each been tried in turn—and, as it seems, without any marked advantage one over the other in effecting cures—it was not surprising that sceptics should doubt the inspiration of the oracle whose utterances were found to be so changing. Those who examined further, and discovered that the doctrines which were successively invoked to authorize each new system of treatment rested on arbitrary assumptions, not demonstrated, nor for the most part capable of demonstration, began to suspect that the difference between regular medicine and quackery was not so profound as they had been used to believe. Both appeared to be in the dark as to first principles, and to appeal for support to empirical evidence. After analyzing all that medical science could say in the great majority of cases of disease, the only reason to be given why you should swallow a given drug was the fact that many others who seemed to be affected in a way similar to yourself had taken the same drug, and had survived the dose. The doctor, often uncertain of the nature of your disease, was quite ignorant of the cause of it. He had no evidence as to the action of his drug, or even whether it had acted at all upon the cause of disease, and lastly he had no certainty that the drug would affect you in the same manner as others who had taken it. The very utmost that he could urge was a belief, more or less probable, that the same drug had been serviceable in cases presumed to be similar. Was there any essential difference between his process of reasoning and that of the honest quack who, by a nearly similar process, had worked himself into a belief in the virtues of a specific?

The doubts which have been gradually spreading amongst reasonable men as to the trust that could justly be put in medicine as a scientific system based on ascertained truths, have of late received unexpected confirmation from the highest authority. One after another, a succession of men eminent in the medical profession have declared the final result of their experience. All unite in limiting within a narrow range the possible utility of the physician's efforts. With but a small number of special exceptions, we may abandon the search for antidotes to cure disease. For the chief—in most cases

the sole—curative agent, modern science has no better name than that given by the simple ignorance of antiquity. The *vis medicatrix nature* is the foundation of the therapeutic art. Save in cases of malformation or organic defect, the natural condition of the human body is health. Disease implies a disturbance of some organ from its normal functions. The same mysterious forces that maintain the vital functions in play tend to replace whatever is injured—to restore order wherever there is disturbance. If science should hereafter gain further insight into the causes of disturbance and the process of restoration, the physician may perchance play a more leading and influential part. As it is, he fills a secondary place; and if he succeeds in averting fresh cause of mischief, and in clearing the way for the curative process which is itself beyond his control, he has fully performed his part.

It would be strange, however, if the education which puts into a man's hands the accumulated results of the experience of others—and which, if it does no more, should teach him how short a distance his own knowledge reaches—were not to make him a safer and a more useful adviser than the pretender who, in utter ignorance of the structure and functions of the human body, administers at random his pill or potion to every applicant. If there is but little apparent difference between many regular practitioners and the quacks whom they denounce, the explanation is to be found in a variety of causes which combine to the same end. In the first place, the practice of medicine is full of difficulty. Modern science has done something to aid in the diagnosis, often the most difficult part of the physician's task. Auscultation and the use of the microscope have substituted certainty for conjecture in many cases. But, for this essential preliminary of ascertaining what is the matter with the patient, a combination of faculties is often needed which cannot be communicated in the schools. The power may be developed and improved by use, and corrected by careful observation, but it is born with certain men, and it is not to be gained by teaching or study. Then, supposing the disease to be ascertained, it constantly happens that there is little or nothing to be done that can with any confidence be

expected to shorten or reduce the intensity of the attack. The option lies between a system of slight palliatives, almost or quite inoperative, and the application of stronger remedies whose action is uncertain. Fortunately, the effects of medicine in general are far less considerable than is commonly supposed. The statistics of hospitals in which the most different systems of treatment have been adopted do not, indeed, prove that all the systems have been equally good or bad; but they do show that in many diseases there is no known system of treatment that has any marked advantage over others. It is not too much to say that, for one case in which the medicine administered has been of real use, there are ten where the patients would have thriven as well or better without it.

A further difficulty in medical practice has been less noticed than it deserves to be. All that is known of the effect of remedies is the general or average result of a large number of cases in which they have been applied. But no two men are exactly alike in the manner of action of their various organs. When the chemist who has once tried an experiment brings the same substances together under similar conditions, he is absolutely certain that they will act on each other as they did before. Not so is it with the living organism. The idiosyncrasy of each patient is more or less unknown to the physician; and till the experiment has been tried, he can have no certainty as to the result of his treatment. It is quite true that the exceptional cases that sometimes arise present apparent rather than real anomalies. There is no reason to suppose that the laws of physics have been suspended by an independent disturbing power when a drug produces on a particular patient an unusual effect. The conditions of the experiment have doubtless been changed by some peculiarity in his organization, which the present means of science are powerless to detect.

The main cause why medicine is still so little advanced is to be found in the backward condition of the science on which it mainly rests. Physiology, including pathology—the first taking cognizance of all the vital functions of organized beings, the second of the disturbance of those functions by disease—is far from maintaining its place

in the general march of physical science. Some important steps in advance have, however, been gained, and quite enough is firmly established to make the science one of the most valuable, as it is certainly one of the most interesting, branches of human knowledge. If the study were more generally pursued, sounder notions of the conditions of health and disease would prevail, and the medical profession, while abating somewhat of its pretensions, would gain in the opinion of all the reasonable and well-informed. When physicians no longer deem it a point of honor to affect a confidence in their art which they do not really feel—when they frankly own, as the best amongst them often do, that the diagnosis is uncertain, or the case one in which medicine is of little avail—the judicious portion of the public will discern what it is now sometimes difficult to trace—the line of separation between the scientific practitioner and the ignorant quack.

Like other branches of natural science, physiology cannot be thoroughly mastered without actual observation and experiment. Facts presented to the eye have not merely the advantage of exciting the attention more vividly, as the Horatian maxim runs—they are also retained more permanently, and are more suggestive, than mere description, however vivid and accurate. Yet it is quite possible to gain by reading a general knowledge of the results of physiological inquiry, and an acquaintance with the leading facts on which the more important conclusions have been founded. It is not, indeed, easy to point out any single work which completely answers the purpose of the general reader; but there is one which does so to a very great extent, and which is not yet as widely known as it deserves to be. In his *Physiology of Common Life*, published a year or two ago, Mr. G. H. Lewes has achieved the object which he seems to have proposed to himself, by producing a work which is at once popular and scientific;

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though it is only fair to add that he has in some degree diminished the utility of a very interesting book by making it at the same time controversial. Thoroughly versed in his subject, and well skilled in the literary art, Mr. Lewes has found it easy to convey accurate knowledge in a form calculated to excite attention and interest. The least informed reader finds it easy and pleasant to accompany him so long as he travels on the beaten track of generally admitted doctrine. But in physiology this does not extend very far. We soon reach the limit where the way becomes uncertain, and, all ignorant as we are, we find that our guide calls upon us to decide between himself and the most eminent professors of the science, and say along which of two or three different paths the road to truth may be found. By extensive knowledge and observation Mr. Lewes has fully proved his right to maintain his own opinions against any authority in the science, however weighty. His reasoning is always acute, though sometimes pressed rather farther than a cautious logician would approve; and in regard to the part of his book upon which he has bestowed the greatest amount of labor, there is much reason to believe that his views of the nature and laws of nervous action will be admitted as substantially correct. In some cases where Mr. Lewes calls in question the conclusions of his predecessors, the difference between his conclusions and theirs seems to be more apparent than real, and in a work intended for beginners in the study, and for general readers, it would certainly have been advisable to reduce rather than to increase the number of polemical discussions. With this slight drawback, the book may be fairly recommended as the best extant introduction to Physiology for ordinary readers who are not prepared to undertake a course of systematic study. There is no branch of science which touches us all so nearly, and none in regard to which it is so desirable that the general ignorance should be dispelled.

From The London Review.

FORGERY OF BANK OF ENGLAND NOTES.

THE recent robbery of paper from the Laverstock Mills has naturally caused public attention to be directed towards the subject of bank-note forgeries. The general impression appears to be that although first-rate artists might succeed in producing a very good imitation of a bank-note, so as to deceive an unsuspecting person, yet it would be impossible for a forger, however skilful, to imitate a note well enough to deceive the bank authorities themselves and induce the cashiers to convert them into specie. The Bank of England has, therefore, considered its position as impregnable: everything which could be expected for protection of the public had been done, whilst they consider their own safety from deception absolute. A few years ago something was heard of photographic forgeries of bank-notes. These were undoubtedly done in a very skilful manner, but, at the same time, no persons who had ever examined a genuine bank-note could have been led astray by them: and whilst it was conceded that the imitation was very good, the idea that photography could ever be seriously employed by the forger was generally dispelled at the first inspection of these photographic imitations. Since then the matter has been lost sight of by the public, and the greatly extended facilities which recent photographic discoveries have placed at the disposal of the forger, have been apparently overlooked by those who should be most upon their guard. It may, therefore, be with some little surprise that the Bank authorities will learn that photographic processes are not only known, but are actually in constant operation, by which *fac similes* of their notes might be produced so perfectly as to defy detection by the most practised expert. It is admitted that the image of a bank-note produced in the camera is as absolutely perfect as the note itself. Every stroke and line, each accidental flaw or secret mark is as easily produced as the most commonplace design. The optical means employed can, in fact, transfer on to the prepared plate as exact a *fac simile* of the bank-note as would be found on the plate from which the note was in the first instance printed. As far as the negative is concerned, there never has been the slightest difficulty

in the way of successful forgery; but so long as the means of reproducing copies from such a negative was confined to the ordinary process of photographic printing, no successful imitation could be expected. Here and there an unwary person might be taken in, but the risk of detection would be far too great to induce any one to embark in this dangerous pastime. Recently, however, discoveries have been made by which it is possible to transfer the negative image from the glass plate in all its minute integrity and exquisite accuracy on to metal or stone; and this once effected, impressions can be worked off in printer's ink of absolutely the same tint and material as that used in printing the original note. The photozincographic process of Sir Henry James, as practised at Southampton for the production and reduction of maps; and the photolithographic process of Mr. Osborne, employed for a similar purpose at Melbourne for the Colonial Government of Victoria, have each been brought to a sufficiently high state of perfection to render the successful forgery of a bank-note mere child's play to any one possessing the manipulatory skill of either of the above gentlemen.

The editor of the *Photographic News* in drawing attention to the specimens of these processes exhibited in the International Exhibition, gives it as his firm opinion, that by these means, copies of Bank of England notes might be produced which would entirely defy detection. It so happens that these notes offer very especial advantages for imitating in such a manner. The design is clear, bold, and well-marked; they are produced, not from engraved plates in intaglio, printed at the copper-plate press (the printed impression of which always presents a slight amount of relief which may be felt by the finger); but by block-printing at an ordinary typographic press. Such an impression can, therefore, be imitated by the photographer without difficulty, and in such a manner that, if printed on the proper paper, the Bank authorities themselves would be incapable of detecting. In corroboration of these remarks we would refer our readers to the specimens shown by Sir H. James, Mr. Osborne, and Mr. Ramage, of Edinburgh, in the photographic garret at South Kensington. Copies of maps, engravings, manuscripts, printed books, etc., are exhibited,

which cannot be distinguished from the originals, and there is no question that had one of the copies been a bank-note, the deception would have been equally perfect. In fact, we understand that Mr. Osborne, wishing to call the attention of bankers in Melbourne to this danger, produced to them photolithographic copies of which they admitted they would be unable to repudiate the genuineness.

If the danger of photographic forgeries of bank-notes be as great as the above facts lead us to imagine, it is imperative that the bank authorities should at once take steps to ascertain the real extent of the danger to which the public as well as themselves are exposed. Let one or all of the above gentlemen be invited to produce a *fac-simile* of a note of some considerable value (say £500); let all reasonable facilities (which would be possessed by a forger) be given to them, and a sheet of bank-note paper be supplied them to print their copy upon. We venture to affirm that if in addition to this the governors of the Bank would undertake to cash the successful forgery, provided it passed the ordinary scrutiny of a majority of their cashiers, they would soon be convinced that the boasted impossibility of any forger ever taking them in was a fallacy, cheaply found out at the price of the forged note.

From The Spectator, 18 Oct.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

WILL the terrible realities of the American struggle between men speaking the same language, enjoying hitherto the most unrestricted freedom of commercial intercourse, bound together by the closest commercial bonds—those producers, those consumers, traders, manufacturers, capitalists—suffice to awaken the commercial school out of its fool's paradise as to the effects of abolition of passports, treaties of commerce, international exhibitions, and other devices for facilitating the material relations of mankind with each other, for promoting a real unity among them, where moral sympathy is wanting,—where some institution, some form of polity, juts out as a wall between nation and nation? As slavery stands between the North and the South on the American continent, so stands the imperial despotism between France and England, or any other

free people. Till it fall, every mere attempt to promote material intercourse between the two countries tends probably but to deepen the bitterness of France. The abolition of passports for *English* subjects, whilst these were retained for French, was felt as an insult to the nation, and galls Frenchmen every day to the quick. The benefits of the commercial treaty are not visible yet in France to the many; its mischiefs to the few are palpable. The International Exhibition will certainly have created more jealousies than it will have allayed. The very shopkeepers of Paris, the class above all others who have most benefited by late commercial changes, talk freely (though not, of course, to their English customers) of the future war with England.

For in truth the old Roman historian's definition of a firm friendship—"to will and not will the same things"—holds good between nations as between men. The only true bond of union between a free people and an oppressed one must lie in the sympathy of the former with the sufferings of the latter,—in their common hatred towards its oppressor. Now, partly by our fault, partly without our fault, this state of things does not yet exist between England and France. We are not in general accustomed to distinguish sufficiently between France, and the tyranny which weighs on France. Most Englishmen probably do hate Napoleon III.—perhaps even Lord Ranelagh himself at the bottom of his heart (if his heart have a bottom). But they hate him as the embodiment of French ambition, not as the oppressor of France; whilst at other times our statesmen, our journalists, our public spouters, carry even their folly so far as to speak of him, or practically to treat him, as our bulwark, our trust, our ally against France herself. A more stupendous absurdity surely never entered into the brains of men, or one which the facts more palpably contradict. Is it against the French Republic or against the French constitutional monarchy that the whole world stands, so to speak, at "attention" these many weary years, not daring to pile arms? Is all history a blank, that despotism, with its secrecy and promptitude of self-will, should be considered for one moment a better safeguard for peace than freedom, with its publicity, its deliberations, even when most tumultuous? It is

our folly and our fault that we should ever for an instant seem to lose sight of the distinction between an oppressed nation and its government,—of the deep, vital, abiding interest which England has, not in the momentary quietude or stupor of France, not in her mere material prosperity or clatter of monetary speculation, but in her freedom, her unchecked moral development.

And let it again be recollected, that every utterance of England in praise of the emperor and his system, in depreciation of the people whom he rules, as well as every idle tirade against France not distinguishing between the two, is sure to be translated, under the official sanction, in the French newspapers, whilst every condemnation of the emperor's own acts, every expression of sympathy with France against him, is carefully suppressed. Hence, to use a single notorious recent instance, the seizure of the English papers after the Aspromonte failure, because they almost unanimously urged the evacuation of Rome, which France herself longs for, which it does not suit the emperor's policy to effect. For one moment the hearts of the two nations throbbed in entire unison—but the wall was there to stop their hearing each other. Thus, in spite of all official compliments, the two countries are sedulously kept estranged; France remains ignorant of all English sympathy towards her, and is fed from day to day with a reproduction of every flippant journalist's taunt, every silly piece of national bunkum poured forth by after-dinner volunteers, which may serve to excite her against us. Never, probably, even in the heat of the Syrian question under Louis Philippe, when the policy of the two countries was directly at variance, has there been more bitterness in France towards England than now, when the two have been or are engaged in a series of joint wars over more than half the world.

But let us not mistake the meaning of this bitterness. Look well into it, and you will find that, to a great extent, at least, it is the bitterness of humiliation under internal oppression—the bitterness of discontent with all around,—the bitterness of sufferings misunderstood. Frenchmen rail against England because they cannot rail at things in France. They seem to themselves to hate England, because they hate their own condition, which is so unlike that of England.

They do hate her when she flatters and caresses their own oppressor. Let France recover her freedom—let England heartily rejoice over it, as she did over the July revolution—and French bitterness towards England would pass away like a summer cloud.

But in the mean while this bitterness is a fact, and may be made a powerful war-engine by the crowned self-will of the Tuileries; nor can English writers and speakers be too careful not to give vent, as they so easily do, to those taunts and boastings which gall the morbid susceptibilities of France to the quick. For let it always be remembered that no nation is more quick to take offence than one smarting under despotism, whose poor and only compensation for miseries at home lies invariably in the splendor of triumphs abroad. Let us never forget that every French officer of army or navy, as well as every French soldier (not so much every French sailor), looks confidently forward to war with England; let us never forget that the main concern of the Second Empire has been, is, and must be, to put and maintain the war-machine by sea and land on the most efficient footing; and that it has to a great extent succeeded in so doing.

At what cost, the future alone can fully tell. Yet sometimes there comes out a brutal fact, to use a French expression, which throws a flood of light upon the matter. Of the French war navy, for instance, it is now evident that it has been only brought to the point of imperial perfection by the complete sacrifice of the commercial navy of France. An article by M. Galos, in the *Deux Mondes* for 15th September, 1862, amongst other pregnant figures on this subject contains the following: To maintain the commercial navy of France on its present footing simply, there would need every year to be built 80,000 tons of shipping. In the year 1859 only 24,000 tons were built; in the year 1860, only 10,500; in the year 1861, only 7,000; in the year 1862 it is expected there will only be built 4,500, making in all a diminution, in the last four years of the blessings of imperialism, of 274,000 tons upon a million, or more than 25 per cent. When it is added that 1,640 out of 4,800 ships existing, or more than one-third, are from twelve to twenty years old, it will be seen that the French commercial navy is literally becoming fast extinct. But on its ruins *La Gloire* and her compeers have been built.

Thus the French war navy is doubly formidable to the world, both in itself, and because it has next to nothing in the way of French shipping to protect. England would be mad not to accept the warning.

From The London Review.
MUMMIES.

AN American author has recently brought out a work on what he calls the "Apocatastasis; or, Progress Backwards," of the present day. He pictures to himself the whole human race retrograding into the gloomy forests and dank caverns whence it has been allured by civilization, and looks forward to a future darkening into the blackness of the old primeval night. We are returning to the follies which were discarded by the wisdom of our ancestors, occupying ourselves with exploded fallacies, and attempting to resuscitate lifeless shams, and are, therefore degenerating so fast, both mentally and physically, that it is to be feared that we may lower to the level of the races from which we have been gradually developed, that our great-grandchildren may become conscious of prehensile tails, and our remote descendants may jabber in an inarticulate tongue among the shapeless relics of ruined cities. A highly picturesque view of the wonders that shall be, but apparently a little over-colored. It may be true that there is a tendency to stand once more upon the ancient ways, to re-open in the palace of art some of the cobwebbed galleries which science has condemned, and to strive to peep into the unseen world through windows which a stern materialism has bricked up; but such undertakings are not likely to be so disastrous as to impede the onward march of man, and to hurl him back into aboriginal apoeheid.

The custom of preserving the bodies of the dead is one of the antiquated heresies which, after a prolonged hibernation, is showing feeble signs of life, and attempting to recover an orthodox character. Little has as yet been said about it in England, but in France and America it has of late excited a good deal of interest, and given rise to considerable discussion. There are enthusiasts who look forward to a day when every family of distinction will pride itself upon its store of pickled ancestors; and there are opponents of the scheme, who consider it a proof of most dangerously retrograde tendencies. But it does not seem probable that embalming will become fashionable among us. A few eccentric individuals may avail themselves of its assistance to preserve the outward semblance of

some one they have loved or hated; but most men would strongly object, at a time when rents are so high, to be called upon to find house-room for their ancestral mummies. We bury our dead, and are inclined to get rid, as soon as possible, of the disagreeable associations connected with their resting-places. The suburban cemeteries afford an interesting lounge to Sunday visitors; but the friends of those who occupy the soil seldom have leisure to seek again the melancholy spot which they may have once honored by their sympathizing presence. It is all very well for benighted foreigners to strew flowers on the graves of the beloved one, and make it a picnic-point on stated anniversaries; but we prefer to perpetuate our regret in masonry, and if our hearts are oppressed with care for the loss of a friend, to rear such a mass of marble above his remains as will effectually prevent the earth from lying lightly upon them.

The question of how to dispose of the dead to the greatest advantage has occupied the minds of many peoples, and has been solved in various ways. Some nations have exhibited an originality of idea in their funeral arrangements that has sufficed to redeem their names from oblivion. In the tribe of the Arvace, inhabitants of the kingdom of Guinea, it was the custom for a bereaved family to pulverize the bones of a defunct relative, and mix the dust in the flowing cups quaffed to his memory. In some countries a man's relations would have been thought wanting in respect towards him if they had omitted to eat him when he died, and it was considered a delicate attention to send a small joint to friends at a distance. Such a custom may have been very gratifying to old persons who were allowed to die a natural death, but it must have been very unpleasant for an ancient Sardonian, who had lived the number of years allowed by law, to comply with the regulation which compelled him to invite his kinsmen and acquaintances to come and dine off him on a certain day, and to have himself killed and cooked in time for the feast. No wonder that the difficulty of calling up the conventional smile expected under such circumstances, should have given rise to the phrase of a "Sardonic grin." But these were barbarous peoples, and it is hardly necessary for the most retrospective eye to study their cadaverous cookery, while the

funeral records of ancient civilization are open to its inspection. If we are to alter our method of burial we can choose between cremation and embalming. The former has the merits of speed and economy, the latter commends itself chiefly to the pompous mind and to one that is regardless of expense. Where burning is in vogue, an entire ancestry can be contained in one small vault, and there must be something almost cheerful in the sight of a family circle "safely potted in their urns." But the practice is not likely to become general; a book was published not long ago advocating its revival on sanitary grounds, but we do not suppose that its arguments will ever result in depressing the shares of any Great Necropolis Company. We should be more likely to follow in the track of the Egyptians, were not the climate against us. It is chiefly in hot and dry regions that the art of the embalmer has flourished. Amidst the burning sands of Lybia, and on the plains of Central America, the traveller who is left by his companions to die and lie unburied, is mummified by Nature's hands. The next passers-by find a shrivelled image of man, dried almost into nothingness, and weighing as little as the defunct Hannibal is stated by a trustworthy satirist to have weighed. From such fortuitous specimens of the *homo siccus* the first embalmers may have taken a hint, and have afterwards improved upon their model until they produced the masterpieces which still charm the eye of the public in the Egyptian galleries of the British Museum. They appear to have spared no pains, at all events in the case of corpses of quality, and it is not surprising that they should have been treated with the respect which great *artistes* deserve. No doubt, they led a jovial life, for it is an unvarying law of society that persons who make a living out of their neighbors' dying should be cheerful, if not jocose. Undertakers are proverbially facetious, and a mute when off duty, is always full of spirits. And, no doubt, the Egyptian corpse-stuffers enjoyed themselves heartily, and even the despised "dissector," whose duty it was to make the necessary incisions in the bodies, and who in consequence was hooted and pelted out of sight when his services were no longer required — even he had his hours of jollification, and if the populace hissed him, applauded himself when he con-

templated the money in his chest. The trade must have been the means of supporting a numerous class, for the prices demanded were large, and the subjects operated upon were many. To be preserved in first-rate style would cost a dead aristocrat some three hundred pounds, and a middle-class householder would have to lay by more than a third of that sum if he wished to do credit to his family. But the money would be considered well spent by men who were convinced that after a period of three thousand years their souls would return to their earthly tenements, and start afresh on a new lease of life. It was not strange that they should wish to keep their vacant habitation in as good a state as possible, and should attach considerable importance to the entirety of their future epidermis, or the preservation of their favorite features. A similar belief may have induced the Guanches, the extinct inhabitants of the Canary Islands, to preserve the bodies of their dead. They, too, may have imagined that the ghosts of their ancestors were constantly hovering about the *saxos*, the mummified forms which they once used to animate. But they have vanished from the world, and left little record behind them of their hopes and fears; so that it is to Egypt alone that we can refer for information on the subject. There must have been strange scenes there in the olden days, when the living and dead relations kept house together, when a deceased grandfather might be handed round at a banquet, and a needy child could borrow money on the security of a parent's corpse. If such a practice prevailed now-a-days, what a rush there would be along Drury Lane, on a Saturday night, of thirsty sons bearing their fathers to the pawnbroker's shop. There was no danger of such an occurrence among the ancient Egyptians, for they prized their dead relations at least as highly as their live ones, and were very unwilling to let them pass out of their hands. The mummies remained intact for many a century, till European hands rifled the tombs and carried off their occupants. Not always, however, with impunity, as the veracious Radzevil bears witness, who purchased two embalmed bodies at Alexandria, and smuggled them on board the ship in which he sailed for Europe; for a furious tempest arose, and two spectres hovered around the vessel regarding it with menacing

looks, until the mummies were cast overboard, when the ghosts disappeared and the storm was stilled. Radzevil was severely reprimanded by the captain for his conduct, but the theologians whom he consulted justified it on the ground that mummy was necessary for the sick. For in the Middle Ages it was considered a specific against all diseases, and a piece of it hung round the neck was looked upon as a preservative against numberless evils. So great, indeed, was the demand for this invaluable commodity, that a trade in false mummies sprang into life, and bodies were pickled by the score, in order to be sold at high prices to the eager and credulous foreigner.

As medical science progressed, the belief in the healing properties of mummies faded away, and they were looked upon merely as curiosities. Now and then an attempt was made to rival the work of the Egyptian embalmers, but in general without any great success. Royal personages were often thought worthy of being guaranteed against corruption, and a few specimens of ordinary mortals were preserved for the inspection of the curious. The College of Surgeons can boast of the body of Mrs. Van Butchell, and Jeremy Bentham is on view at University College, dressed in the clothes which he used to wear, while he was yet alive; but they are both of them ghastly objects, and offer little encouragement to persons who are desirous of posthumous exhibition. In "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship," an account is given of a process by which a dead body may be indefinitely preserved, retaining all the beauty which it had during life, and offering the appearance of being locked in a gentle sleep. After Mignon's death, her body is subjected to this process, and is then exhibited to the sorrowing friends who have come to her funeral. "A balsamic substance," says the abbé who conducts them, "has been forced through all the veins, and now tinges, in place of blood, these cheeks too early faded. Come near, my friends, and view this wonder of art and care. He raised the veil; the child was lying in her angel's dress, as if asleep, in the most soft and graceful posture."

Many of the readers of this passage have doubtless considered it as fanciful and unreal

as any in the book, but the idea has been worked out with signal success by a French physician, Dr. Gannal. He has embalmed a number of bodies, many of which have been examined after the lapse of several years, and they have been found to retain a lifelike appearance that defies the power of decay. A single incision is all that is necessary for the purpose of injection, the preserving fluid is rapidly forced through the veins, and the body becomes firm and elastic. The drying process occupies about six months, but after that time the embalmed individual requires no farther treatment, and is presentable in any society. An excellent specimen of the process is at present on view at the Burlington Gallery, being the embalmed body of Julia Pastrana, who was also exhibited in London during her lifetime. Her story is a very strange one. She was in all probability the most hideous woman who ever lived, but her ugliness made her fortune and gained her a husband. She had the features of an ape, and her face was covered with strong black hair, which lengthened along the jaws into luxuriant whiskers and a flowing beard. She is said to have been discovered in Mexico, but little is known of her parentage, for her first proprietors were anxious to enhance her market value by making out that she was the missing link between man and the brute creation. When Barnum heard of her fame he sent an agent to report upon her appearance, intending to secure her for his museum, if she was really as frightful as she was said to be. The agent came, and saw, and perceiving that she was incredibly hideous, at once, with characteristic smartness, made her his wife in order to secure such a treasure for himself. He exhibited her in all parts of the world, until two years ago, when she died at Moscow, soon after giving birth to a little monster, who fortunately survived only thirty-five hours. The husband, we are thankful to say, is dead also. Her body, as well as that of her child, has been preserved by Dr. Sokolov, the professor of anatomy at Moscow, and well deserves the attention of all for whom female ugliness has a charm, or who have any idea of perpetuating their own attractions for the benefit of generations to come.

From The Spectator.

THE BRITISH REFORM JEWS.*

THE British Reform Jews at first sight appear to stand almost equidistant between the orthodox sect and the more advanced German Reformers, whose chief congregation is at Berlin. The orthodox party may be described as *Rabbanites*, the British Reformers as *Scripturalists*, and the German Reformers as *Deists*. The first derive their doctrines from the Hebrew Bible, the Mishna and the Talmud, and the vast Rabbinical edifice reared on the massive foundations of the Mishna and Talmud; the English Reformers admit the authority of the Hebrew Bible alone; and the German Reformers simply make the Hebrew Scriptures the groundwork for their own views and convictions.

But the British Reform Jews have in reality a much greater affinity to the Rabbanites than to the German Seceders. The two former have nearly every important and distinctive doctrine in common, while the latter diverge in an almost opposite direction. For both the British Reformers and the Rabbanites believe in revelation and inspiration, while the German Reformers acknowledge in the prophets of the Old Testament merely a high degree of piety and religious elevation. The two first share, therefore, a broad and comprehensive basis, and the difference between their views lies less in the principles than in the extent of their application; while the German Reformers have virtually framed an independent religious system derived more from modern philosophy than Jewish teaching. The two former cling to the Hebrew language as that alone appropriate for religious worship; while the latter have introduced the vernacular into their synagogues. The two former publicly recite the whole of the Pentateuch in weekly portions; the latter select such passages only which they believe to suggest fruitful meditations. The two former celebrate the seventh day as the Sabbath; the latter have transferred it to Sunday. The two former consider the Israelites as "the chosen people" in the sense in which the Old Testament understands that term; the latter hold

that the Israelites might, indeed, have been justly regarded as the chosen people at the time when they alone possessed a higher truth in the midst of general superstition; but that the truth which they then possessed is not necessarily the highest degree of enlightenment attainable by the human mind, and may, therefore, not be the ultimate creed of all nations. The two former believe in a *personal* Messiah, the political restorer of the splendor of the house of David; while the latter understand the Messiah to denote the *age* in which knowledge, virtue, and peace will prevail throughout the earth. The former are, in fact, Jews in the exclusive sense of the word, and in contradistinction to the followers of other positive creeds; while the latter have so thoroughly identified themselves with the modern ideas of a universal religion, that they at one time seriously contemplated an amalgamation with that sect of Christian Reformers known as "German Catholics," at whose head is Johannes Ronge.

The only difference between the orthodox and the British Reform Jews lies in the value which they severally attach to the teachings of tradition. It is a dogma of the orthodox synagogue that Moses received by revelation on Mount Sinai not only the Law, but full and detailed illustrations of its contents, which were faithfully handed down from generation to generation till they were collected and arranged in the Mishna and the Talmud, together with the expositions and discussions of the Jewish sages. The British Reformers, though expressing respect for the wisdom of their ancestors, regard the Law alone as the Word of God, and all interpretations as the work of men. While they, therefore, scrupulously cling to every injunction of the Pentateuch, they retain from Talmudical tradition that only which they consider to be in the spirit of the Law, or that which reverence for the notions and the practices of their fathers seems to require.

But this one fundamental distinction involves a hundred differences of the greatest moment for the practical life and the social relations of both sects. Those who are fully aware of the numberless rites by which tradition has deemed it necessary to "hedge in" the Law, who are acquainted with the minute ordinances by which the Talmud en-

* *Sermons preached on various Occasions at the West London Synagogue of British Jews, Margaret Street, Cavendish Square.* By the Rev. Professor Marks, Minister of the Congregation. Vols. I. and II. London: Groombridge and Bennett. 1861 and 1862.

deavored to make the whole life of the Jew one continued train of religious exercises, and who are familiar with the peculiar spirit of that vast compilation, the reflex of many centuries and of many countries, will be able to understand the wide chasm which a return to the simple and plain doctrines of the Old Testament implies, both with regard to religious observances and the whole tenor of thought. A close and active intercommunion between a sincere Talmudist and a Reformed Jew would be impossible, did not the spirit of our age imperceptibly smooth down the differences and lessen the distance. The Reformers follow their ordinary pursuits on some days which are kept as sacred festivals among the Talmudists; for as they do not wish to observe a greater number of holidays than the Pentateuch ordains, they have abolished the second days of the great festivals, introduced at an early period on account of the difficulties of astronomical calculation. They have materially changed the service in the Synagogue. They have thoroughly revised the old Prayer-book, omitting some portions and modifying others. They use the organ, which is strongly deprecated by the Talmudists because it is employed in Christian churches; and they have introduced the public confirmation both of boys and girls.

So far the tenets and practices of the British Reform Jews evince a liberal spirit and an unbiassed appreciation of the post-biblical literature of their forefathers. Nor are we disposed to lay great stress on the fact that they have not in all respects freed themselves from the bonds of tradition; since even the German Reformers find it impossible entirely to dissolve the ties which connect them with the past, and have retained in their public worship many features endeared to their race by long and familiar custom. But we cannot help observing that they still exhibit a rigidity and inflexibility of religious thought which preclude them from a deeper and a philosophical investigation of their creed. They remain unconditionally in the fetters of the *ceremonial law*. They reject every attempt at a more spiritual acceptation of the injunctions of the Pentateuch. They would consider an abandonment of the ritual observances as equivalent to the abandonment of Judaism itself.

The sermons of the minister of their chief

congregation will assist us in unfolding these views before the reader; and they will enable us justly to estimate the position which their sect occupies in the development of the Synagogue.

We are fully prepared for the general principle of their belief, "For Israelites there is but one immutable law—the sacred volume of the Scriptures, commanded by God to be written down for the unerring guidance of his people until the end of time" (vol. i. p. 7); or, "To declare that the revelation of Sinai is superseded is, to our thinking, nothing short of rebellion against the Divine word." We are prepared for the remark that "Revelation, in the full sense of that hallowed word, began at Sinai, and with the grave injunction to keep the Sinaitic precepts it terminates" (ii. 18); which words are evidently intended to imply a double polemical point, directed on the one hand against the orthodox doctrine of a primitive revelation vouchsafed to the early patriarchs, and, on the other hand, against the "Oral Law," believed to have likewise been communicated on Sinai, and enlarged by later generations. We are not surprised to find a rebuke administered to those "who are willing to apply to the Scriptures the same standard of criticism which is employed in reference to all other writings that are addressed to the human understanding." But the fearlessness with which they treat the precepts of tradition might have led us to suppose an approach to a liberal interpretation of the Hebrew Scriptures also. Such anticipations, however, are totally disappointed. The declarations in this respect are decided and unmistakable:—

"Moses not only affixes the stamp of perpetuity to the dogmas of his code, but likewise to every ritual ordinance" (ii. 95).

Excepted are, of course, those laws which are of a strictly local character and limited to the Holy Land, as those relating to sacrifices and priests, to land and inheritance. But circumcision, phylacteries, the rites of Passover, the fasts and festivals, are instituted for all eternity. That this was the belief of the Jews at the time of Christ is deduced from the writings of the Evangelists. But *even after the advent of the Messiah* the law of Moses is to be observed in its fullest extent.

"No portion of the Mosaic law is to be abrogated; its very ordinances and ritual practices are to be in force."

It will be admitted that this unrelenting tenacity with regard to external observances is sufficient to characterize the spirit and tendency of the British Reform Jews. It accounts for the fact that in reading their dogmatical writings, even those composed with skill and ability, we feel ourselves banished within the limits of old and narrow conceptions. In spite of their rejection of Talmudical authority, they have not imbued themselves with that free spirit of historical research which enables the mind to distinguish the *ideas* from the *form* in which they are embodied. They have, in fact, rather shaken off some of the views and practices of bygone ages, than adopted the mode of thought that distinguishes the modern time.

After these remarks we shall not expect to find in their religious works an imposing array of profound arguments. Yet we might look for some concessions to reason in the writings of men who desire to deserve the name of modern reformers. Occasionally, indeed, we meet with attempts at logical inferences and conclusions. But these attempts exhibit such a childlike *naïveté*, that they tend, even more than simple declarations, to prove the unlimited sway of confiding faith. In order to show that the Talmudical precepts form no essential part of the Jewish religion, our author gravely argues:—

"David evidently knew of no other code save that which had been revealed through Moses, and yet he pronounced the law to be perfect. To change anything that is *perfect* is necessarily to make it *imperfect*; to amend perfection is to attempt what is manifestly impossible" (ii. 92).

And in order to point out the immutability of the Sinaitic covenant, he remarks:—

"Once concede the proposition that God himself is the author of the Pentateuch, and that, proceeding from him, it must be essentially of a character to render mankind blessed here and hereafter, and it will be difficult to resist the conclusion that a law which the Almighty himself has declared sufficient to secure the temporal and eternal well-being of those to whom it is addressed, cannot fail to preserve its efficacy and its binding force unimpaired to the end of time" (ii. 92).

To sum up: the British Reform Jews may in a certain sense be justified in asserting that "their Synagogue manifestly embodies the exalted idea of the regeneration of Jewish worship" (ii. 17); for they have removed "many superstitions and abuses which they felt as most intolerable evils" (ii. 19). But they have still to take that most important and decisive step which would bring them into harmony with modern thought, or enable them to take an active part in the progress of historical criticism.

On the special and literary merits of Professor Marks's volumes we can be brief. We would, above all, point out the beautiful spirit of toleration which pervades his pages. He enjoins this duty so repeatedly and so forcibly that it in some measure relieves the harshness which his rigorous adherence to the ceremonial law certainly involves. Hence he does not scruple to quote in his sermons Christian authorities; and we meet with the names of Archbishop Newcombe, Lowth, Channing, Clarke, Ewald, Hengstenberg, and others. We shall, however, not be surprised to find that he sometimes disclaims their views and interpretations; that he believes Christianity to have promoted civilization "only as far as she has availed herself of the ethical teachings of Moses and of the prophets" (ii. 18); that even if Christianity had never existed, the principles of the Old Testament would have become known to the whole world" (pp. 83-86); "that the Christian *dogmas* have been the cause of endless persecution and bloodshed" (p. 80); and that he assigns to "the domain of poetry and idiology," precepts like "whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also" (p. 80). "Nor shall we stop to examine how far controversial sermons such as those on the Messiah, containing elaborate discussions on the distinctive dogmas of Christianity, are appropriate and profitable in the Synagogue" (ii. 63-89), though we readily admit that they nowhere exceed the boundaries of considerate moderation. An analysis of the value of his own scriptural interpretations, would scarcely fall within the province of this journal; and we forego therefore to enter into his remarks on some passages of Isaiah and Ezekiel (ii. 64, 106). But his sermons are throughout characterized by earnestness and zeal, by benevolence

and humility, by love and truthfulness; and his language, though it may sometimes appear to want elasticity and grace, is always clear and manly, direct and precise, and it occasionally rises to fervent and even impassioned eloquence. He is, therefore, peculiarly happy in those addresses which are devoted to the injunction of moral precepts; for there uprightness of character and force of diction combine to produce a deep and beneficent impression. On the whole, his volumes are an honorable testimony to his ability and personal worth, and a strong proof of the great advantages which his congregation is certain to derive from his zeal and energy.

From The London Review.

DURKHEIM—THE GRAPE CURE.

DURKHEIM is the head-quarters of the grape cure in Germany. Meran, in the Tyrol, and Vevay and Montreux, on the Lake of Geneva, have a high reputation, and are much resorted to for the same purpose, but in Germany Dürkheim is the place which enjoys most fame. It is on the left bank of the Rhine, in the Bavarian Palatinate, and is distant about fourteen miles due east from Mannheim. The nearest railway station is Neustadt, a small town on the line from Mayence to the French frontier at Forbach. The drive from Neustadt to Dürkheim, a distance of about nine miles, is very beautiful, and is to be preferred to that from Mannheim. The road is a very good one, and runs along parallel to and at the base of the Haardt range of mountains, on a slope which has been formed by the action of water on the light, sandy, and friable soil of those hills. From a few miles to the north of Dürkheim to about twenty miles to the south, the Haardt range of mountains on its east side runs almost due north and south, leaving an immense flat plain of about twelve to fourteen miles in breadth, intervening between it and the Rhine. This plain is very highly cultivated, and abounds in every sort of crop. The Haardt range is considered to terminate in the neighborhood of Landau, the mountain on the south side of the stream which flows through that town being properly the Vosges, though the one range is merely a continuation of the other. A slope of the same character, and due to the same causes

as the one on which the road from Dürkheim to Neustadt runs, extends from Neustadt to the southern limit of the Haardt range at Landau. The geological character of this slope is different from that of the great plain which extends to the Rhine, the latter being either tertiary or alluvium, while the slope is formed of the detritus that has been washed down from the hills. The whole face of this slope is covered with vines. The vine cultivation is on so enormous a scale that nothing in Germany, not even in the Rheingau, from whence the most celebrated of the German wines come, can be compared to it in extent. For some five-and-twenty miles the high-road passes through the midst of a succession of vineyards, without a trace of any other cultivation meeting the eye of the traveller. Though the wines of this district do not command such high prices as the wines from the Rheingau, and are not much known out of Germany, the cultivation is conducted with as much care as in the Rheingau itself, and the wines produced are more generally consumed by the Germans themselves than any other of their wines. The Deidesheimer and the Förster are the best of these wines, and immense quantities of them are sent to all parts of Germany. The former is usually recommended by the German doctors to their patients as being the least acid of their wines. The vineyard from which these two wines come is in the immediate neighborhood of Dürkheim. A very good class of wine is made at Dürkheim, but the grapes grown there are for the most part table-grapes, as the Germans say, to be used in the grape cure and for the purposes of export. Immense quantities of them are sent daily to all parts of Germany, and no grapes enjoy so high a reputation in that country. Grapes differ materially from each other in quality: the grape which is best adapted for the purpose of making wine is not generally so wholesome and so agreeable to the taste as another which will produce an inferior wine. About twelve to fifteen different sorts of grapes are grown at Dürkheim. Many of these, if not most of them, may be often found in the same vineyard. A little practice will enable any one in a very short time to distinguish, by the eye, one sort from another; for differences exist between them not only in color, but also in form and size,

as well as in the thickness of the skins. The leaves, also, of the different sorts differ in form and size. To the taste the differences of flavor are at once perceptible. Persons who have not been through a vineyard, and have not had the opportunity of testing one different sort of grape after another, can hardly believe that there is so great a difference in flavor between the different sorts as does, in fact, exist. The grapes used in the cure are generally of four or five sorts; the two most commonly employed are called the Gutedel, and the Austrian. They are both white, with thin skins, and are both of them sweet and well-flavored. The black Burgundy grape, and the small dark red Traminer, which has been introduced from the Tyrol, are also much used in the cure, though not nearly to the same extent as the two already mentioned. The Burgundy grape is a very fine grape, and is, both in flavor and look, very like what is called in England the black Hamburg. The Traminer is a very pleasant sweet grape, with a scented or aromatic flavor, and a very thick skin. In certain cases, it is found to disagree with patients as being too heating. The Riessling, the grape from which all the most celebrated wines of the Rheingau are made, is not used in the cure, and is not considered by the Germans as a good table grape. Chemical analysis shows that it contains more saccharine matter than either the Gutedel or the Austrian grape; but at the same time its acid properties are stronger. The Burgundy grape is still sweeter than the Riessling, but its acid qualities, though less than those in the Riessling, are greater than those in the Gutedel or the Austrian, and therefore it is not so much used in the cure as they are. The acids which are found in the juice of all grapes, in greater or less proportions, are tartaric, citric, and malic acids. Much albumen, gelatine, and gum, as well as a considerable quantity of alkaline matter, are always found. Careful analysis has also discovered in all grape-juice traces of tannin, and even oxide of iron. An excess of acids in the grape is found, not only to interfere with the digestion, but to affect the mouth and the teeth in such a way as to prevent a person from being able to continue the cure for the requisite period.

The grape cure lasts from three to six weeks. The regular season commences, on

an average, about the middle or the first week in September, and lasts to nearly the end of October. Everything depends on the state of the ripeness of the grapes. The amount of grapes daily taken by persons undergoing the cure varies from about four and a half to seven or eight pounds; in some cases even as much as nine pounds are eaten. They are taken three times a day, at the same hours at which mineral waters are usually drunk in Germany — before breakfast, at eleven o'clock in the morning, or two hours before dinner, and at from five to six in the evening. Persons generally commence the cure with from two to three pounds a day, and advance daily in quantity till the larger limit is reached. The skins and the seeds should not be swallowed. The largest portion is usually consumed at eleven o'clock. Some doctors do not allow their patients to take any other breakfast than the grapes, accompanied by a roll of bread. The usual plan, however, is to permit them to take a breakfast of tea or coffee with bread, but no butter, after the grapes. A strict diet is universally prescribed; all fat, sour, or spiced meats, and pastry are forbidden; a small quantity of white light wines is permitted, but red wines, beer, and milk, must be avoided. The evening meal should be a very light one. The system pursued at Dürkheim is the same as the one followed at the other places where the grape cure goes on; and the grapes which are used in the cure both at Vevay and Montreux are, as at Dürkheim, for the most part the Gutedel and the Austrian varieties.

There is a small Kurgarten at Dürkheim, formerly the garden of the castle, where a band plays at the regular hours appointed for the eating of the grapes. On one side, under the trees, there are tables covered with large baskets full of the varieties used in the cure. As at Ems and other places where mineral waters are drunk, it is the fashion for every one to buy a glass for himself, so here every one must be provided with a basket to carry the grapes which he purchases from the attendants at the tables. The price of the best grapes is at present only two and a half pence a pound. To a stranger the sight is an amusing one, and very different from anything to be met with elsewhere. Numbers of people are seen walking up and down in the little garden,

each with a small black basket, full of grapes, in his hand, which he is eating with great rapidity, as if he were doing it for a wager. The place is, as may be imagined, covered with grape-skins, though some of the burly, round-shouldered Germans bolt skins and all.

On the tables where the grapes are sold, there is generally a small grape-press, a miniature of the one used in the making of wine, for the purpose of squeezing out the juice or liquor, which is sometimes preferred to the grapes themselves. Persons whose mouths or teeth have been affected by the acidity of the grapes are frequently obliged to give up eating them and drink the juice or must instead. The "munching" one's own grapes is by no means essential to the cure, but the liquor pressed out is so strange, so unlike the grapes themselves, and so unpleasant, that few persons will prefer it, except they are obliged to do so.

The disease in which the grape cure is considered by the German doctors to be most beneficial is in affections of the mucous membrane of the respiratory organs. The secretive powers of this membrane are roused, and it is enabled to throw off obstructions which have assumed a chronic form. Cases of bronchitis and pneumonia are said to have been often cured even in patients of a scrofulous constitution; and much benefit is said to have been experienced by persons affected with tubercular consumption in its earlier stages. Where spitting of blood has set in, much caution must be used as to the amount of grapes taken. Persons affected with any of these complaints are in the habit of coming to Dürkheim yearly from all parts of Germany.

Dürkheim possesses an advantage over other grape-cure places in having close to it a brine spring, which enables patients to combine the use of salt baths with the grape cure. The union of the two remedies is said to be especially beneficial in all maladies affecting persons of a scrofulous tendency. Complaints of the heart and liver, as well as other internal complaints, gout, and even Bright's disease, are claimed by the grape-cure doctors as coming within their scope and range.

Whether the efficiency of the grape cure in the alleviation of disease be as great and as beneficial as it is claimed by its advocates

to be, may be doubted, without at the same time impugning the system altogether. In this, as is in most other cases, truth lies perhaps between the extremes. A free use of grapes is probably good, and may be beneficial in the alleviation of many complaints. The action of the vegetable juices upon the animal system is a subject most imperfectly understood. Some of them, it is known, have a most powerful action as well in the prevention as in the cure of disease, but how that action takes place is still one of nature's secrets. The man who prohibits wholesale the vegetable juices, and crams his patients with mutton chops and bread, is a greater charlatan than the grape doctor who gorges and stuffs them with grapes. The course of regimen pursued by the latter includes all sorts of light and nutritive diet, whereas the former forbids even the moderate use of articles of food which seem to be especially suited for the wants of the animal system, and which in many cases, his patients have an eager craving for. Of all the vegetable juices, none seems so well adapted for man as that of the grape. In times of serious sickness, and especially in cases of fever, grapes are frequently the only food which is cared for and eaten with pleasure. Nature tells, with an unerring voice, its real wants, and speaks out with an emphasis that cannot be gainsaid. The food which, on occasions of severe crisis, when nature is put to its strain and reduced to the lowest ebb, the human system calls for, must not only be a healthy one, when taken in moderation, but must also be instrumental in the alleviation of disease. Whether the healthy action of grape-juice be due to its tartaric or citric acid, or to its sugar, or to any other of its constituent parts, or to them all in combination, neither chemists nor physiologists can tell. The property which the saliva has of turning cane-sugar into grape-sugar, seems to speak in favor of the sugar; but other facts, well known to doctors and physiologists, will support the claims of others of the component parts.

Like hydropathy, homœopathy, or the cure by the drinking of mineral waters, the grape cure is perhaps carried to excess by its own practitioners. There is, however, truth in it, and it must not be treated with levity or ridicule. Much good may and little if any harm can be done by it. The process

is well worthy of being tried by those who have failed to derive benefit from other systems of treatment. As an alternative, the grape cure is probably a sound system, and it deserves more attention at the hands of English doctors than it has hitherto met with. It is as an alternative that it is looked on with favor by many of the most sound and sensible doctors in Germany, and many patients are sent by them from all parts of the country to try it.

Independently of the question of grape cure, Dürkheim is well worthy of a visit. The position of the place is very charming, and several objects of interest exist in the immediate neighborhood. The town is an ancient one, but as it was burnt down during the wars of Louis XIV., it contains no building of any interest. Dürkheim was formerly the capital of the Counts of Leiningen, a family now represented by the Prince of Leiningen, the nephew of our own queen, and continued their capital till the French revolution, when their castle was burnt down, and the principality and all their property was confiscated. Leiningen, the *Stamm-Schloss* of the family, is a few miles distant, perched most picturesquely on the top of a conical hill. The family possess no longer any property in the neighborhood. No princely or noble families exist any longer in the Palatinate. The French revolution was the sponge which wiped them all out. Money is now the only nobility, and perfect equality is dominant. Property is much divided. The owners of vineyards are the people of the greatest influence.

Within half a mile from Dürkheim are the magnificent ruins of the Benedictine convent of Limburg, built of the red sand-

stone of the country, which is as sound as on the day on which it was taken from the quarry. Like the castle of Leiningen, and many other places in the range of Haardt, the convent was perched on the flat top of a round conical hill. This common characteristic feature in the scenery of the Haardt is clearly due to the erosive action of the water of the great lake, which must at one time have filled the whole plain, before the Rhine had succeeded in bursting its way to the ocean.

Another very interesting object in the neighborhood of Dürkheim is the Heidenmauer, a circular enclosure on the top of a high mountain, overlooking the whole plain, formed of loose stones, sixty feet in breadth, twelve feet in height, and one and a half mile in circumference. The ancient Germans were probably its constructors, and its uses were, it is thought, of a religious character. Cooper, the novelist, has made it and Limburg the subject of one of his novels. Other objects of interest exist in the neighborhood, but it would be tedious to enumerate them. The scenery all over the Haardt range of mountains is so picturesque and charming that the patient is seldom at a loss how to while away the time both with instruction and pleasure to himself. Dürkheim is not the only place in the Haardt where the grape cure is carried on. Both Neustadt and Gleisweiler, in the neighborhood of Landau, are rivals. The latter of these two places is beautifully situated high up in the face of the mountains, and combines a hydropathic establishment with the grape cure. Persons who cannot find accommodation at Dürkheim are in the habit of going to either of these places. The hotel Löwe at Neustadt, near the railway station, is very good, the cooking is excellent, and the wine faultless.

MORNING.

Perhaps there is no description of the coming on of light so perfect as that which Shelley has given us in his little poem, *The Boat on the Serchio*.—*Transcript*.

THE stars burnt out in the pale blue air,
And the thin white moon lay withering there :
To tower and cavern and rift and tree
The owl and the bat fled drowsily.
Day had kindled the dewy woods,
And the rocks above, and the stream below,
And the vapors in their multitudes,
And the Apennines' shroud of summer snow,

And clothed with light of aery gold
The mists in their eastern caves uprolled.

Day had awakened all things that be,—
The lark and the thrush and the swallow free,
And the milkmaid's song and the mower's
scythe,
And the matin bell and the mountain bee.
Fireflies were quenched on the dewy corn,
Glowworms went out on the river's brim,
Like lamps which a student forgets to trim ;
The beetle forgot to wind his horn ;
The crickets were still in the meadow and hill.

PERE LA CHAISE.

[The following verses were suggested by a visit to the resting-place of Béranger. He is buried by the side of Manuel, one of the patriotic statesmen of 1830. The same tombstone commemorates both names; on the one side is engraved the extract from Manuel's speech, given below; the other is covered with *immortelles* and other offerings to the poet.]

Two great names carved upon a simple stone;
Two great hearts mouldering 'neath the same
green grass;

The patriot's voice, the poet's softer tone,
Ceasing together, into silence pass.

The one was bred to arms, and served the State;
Soldier and senator, he stood his ground,—
A star of battle, ruler of debate,
Firm against hostile ranks or storms of sound.

A spotless knight of France, he knew to wield
Weapons of reason keener than his sword:
"Twas yesterday that I refused to yield
To force, to-day I come to keep my word."

The lines are there in iron, countersigned
By Manuel, who assailed the people's wrongs;
With his, some happy choice has intertwined
The memory of him who sang their songs.

Béranger, bard of cottage homes and king
Of cottage hearths, around thy shrine are
hung

Their votive wreaths, the village maidens bring
The wild spring flowers I see so sweetly
strung.

Old men and youths pay homage to thy name,
And every hamlet must its offering send;
This little crown is worth all Cæsar's fame—
"A poor man's tribute to his father's friend."

Dost thou look down, from some serener shore,
Dear poet, on this gentle spot of earth?
Is it not something to be held in store
Forever by the land that gave thee birth?

And here, where yet the weeping willows wave,
And many a tear bedews the mossy bed,
I muse on memories of the double grave,
On great deeds done and great things nobly
said.

Peace to the ashes of the good and brave!
Remote from change they rest, whate'er be-
tide,

Beneath the soil they lived to grace and save,
The soldier and the singer side by side.
—Spectator. J. N.

THE LAST DAY OF OCTOBER, 1862.

THE sea is calm and beautiful to-day,
As if fair Summer still o'er land and wave
Wielded her sceptre, and the south winds play
Among the withered leaves, and seem to crave
The beauty that lies low in many a floweret's
grave.

Amid its tones half pensive, half in glee,
Is heard the farewell of the Autumn hours,
Murmured in fading words and by the sea
And round fair homes, where late in golden
showers

The summer sunlight fell and pierced their
vine-clad bowers.

But the blue sea unchanged around the isles
Pours its vast flood and gently ebbs and flows,
Unvexed by storms, while heaven above it
smiles,

And earth looks on wrapped in its own re-
pose,

Unheeding how *they* lie, dead violet and
crushed rose.

Welcome calm Autumn days, whose hours distil
Immortal essence for the undying soul!
How should we bear life's varied good and ill,
How strive these deep heart-yearnings to con-
trol,

Were Nature's chalice drained—her page an
empty scroll!

—Transcript.

H. J. L.

A DRIFTING LEAF.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

"EARLY torn from thy tree,
Faded emblem of grief,
Whither goest, poor leaf?"

"'Tis a mystery to me:

"Ever since that wild day
When the hurricane broke
From my home, the huge oak,
Mighty branches away;

"The north wind, or west,
From the hill to the plain,
From the mead to the main,
Whirl me where they like best.

"With my fate need I quarrel?
I go where all goes,—
With the leaf of the Rose,
And the leaf of the Laurel."

—Spectator.

HOPE.

WHEN I do think on thee, sweet Hope, and bow,
Thou followest on our steps, a coaxing child,
Oft chidden hence, yet quickly reconciled,
Still turning on us a glad, beaming brow,
And red, ripe lips for kisses; even now
Thou mindest me of Him, the Ruler mild,
Who led God's chosen people through the
wild,

And bore with wayward murmurs, meek as thou
That bringest waters from the rock, with bread
Of angels strewing earth for us! Like Him
Thy force abates not, nor thine eye grows
dim;

But still with milk and honey-droppings fed,
Thou leadest to the promised country fair,
Though thou, like Moses, mayst not enter
there!

HARBEN'S LOVE SONG.

AIR — "Kathleen Mavourneen."

ZOSTERA MARINA, grim Manchester's shaking,
One-half of her steam-engines silent and still,
No cotton's at hand, and we're all in a taking
To know where to turn for new grist for the mill.

It seems to myself that the notion was clever,
(It came as I wandered by ocean, apart)

Thy fibre to take, and to make the endeavor
To give drooping labor another fresh start.

Zostera Marina, though Manchester slumbers,
And sneers apathetic my labors requite,

I'm happy to know that inventors in numbers
Believe that my notion's substantially right.

So, Zostera Marina, though wise folks are calling
My project a thing that can never succeed,

He'll never climb high who's too frightened of
falling:

The proof of the pudding's in eating, my weed.

—Punch.

COCKNEY CRITICISM.—Among the notices of new music wherewith some of our contemporaries at times delight the world, we see it said of one "*morceau pour le piano*," that—

"The sparkling roudades of the birds are rendered with great effect."

"Sparkling roudades of the birds!" Well, what next we wonder! We suppose we shall soon hear of the *vibrato* of the nightingale, and the *sostenuto* notes of the blackbird or the thrush. Or we may live to see it said of a Prize Canary Show, that such and such a feathered songster had an exquisite organ, and won repeated plaudits by the vehemence and clearness of its *ut de poitrine*. Song-writers may, moreover, be catching the infection, and may speak of sylvan harmony in the jargon of the concert-room, and apply to nature the hackneyed terms of art. Instead of the simple unaffected,

"Hark, the lark at Heaven's gate sings,"

we shall be hearing some such stilted stuff as this:—

"Hark, the high *soprano* lark to Heaven's gate upward flies,
And executes his brilliant *fioriture* in the skies."

The boshiness of ballad-writing long since has disgusted us; and nonsense such as this would be really scarce more silly than much of the fine language we have lately seen in verse.

—Punch.

HOW TO SEE THE EXHIBITION IN TEN MINUTES.—"The Albany.—My dear Punch: I hate sensations, and I hate most of my fellow-creatures, and I hate trouble of all kinds. If there are any other folks who entertain similar feelings, I think they will be as grateful to me—pooh, nobody is grateful—but I think they ought to say I have done them a civil thing in telling them that I have made the discovery announced

in the heading to this letter. There is a set of benevolent—at least nobody is benevolent—but there is a set of sensible people who call themselves the Stereoscopic Company. They have taken photographs, capital ones, of all that is worth seeing in Fowkeria, and you can just buy these and a stereoscope, and in a few minutes you know all about the Exhibition, and a good deal more than most people who have tried to see it. Then there's the delicious quiet, and you can look as long as you like at the *Venus* or the *Reading Girl*, without being shoved, and without hearing the various idiots, of all ranks, emitting their noises. You are not irritated by the swell's 'Pon m' word, not half bad,' the artist's 'Ah! now that color is not conscientious,' the snob's 'Spicy party that,' or the clown's 'Be that Venice!' And no abominable organs and bands, and no bother about getting away—you lay down your stereoscope and you are again in your arm-chair. You may print this, if you like, in the light of a testimonial, and I don't care whether you do or not.

"Your subscriber,

"ANTIRABYLON."

"NEWS FROM THE STYX."—The mandate of fashion has gone forth, and as may be read in the *Follet*, and seen at certain French and English watering-places, a lady is henceforth, if she wishes to be considered as completely furnished, to carry a stick. We see no objection to the arrangement, indeed we suppose that it is a logical necessity consequent upon the increase in crinoline. As it is now impossible for a properly dressed lady to reach a friend with her hand, she is supplied with the means of giving him a poke with a stick when desirous to attract his attention. All we venture to hope is, that the stick is to be blunt at the end, and not armed with a tiny spike, as in the latter case a short-sighted *Lord Dundreary*, with a large circle of lady-acquaintances eager to speak to him might, on returning home to dress, find himself unpleasantly covered with scars and spots. On the whole there is more sense in this new contrivance than is usually to be found in the conceptions of the tyrant-milliner.—Punch.

A SMOOTH WAY OF GETTING OUT OF IT.

—A poet, who is prematurely bald, excuses it in this ingenious and complimentary manner: "Baldness," he says, "is only a proof of politeness paid to the beautiful sex. Is it not the duty of a gentleman always to uncover his head in the presence of the ladies?"—Punch.

FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.—So an amnesty is granted to Garibaldi. Very good. In England when we have trodden on the toe of a great man, we beg his pardon. In Italy you pardon him when you have shot him in the ankle.—Punch.